

JAN. 16, 1904.

TWO nun's veiling Night-dresses, turks and  
embroidery; good now, costs £1.  
each. Write 3072. "Daily Mirror."  
TWO smart silk moirée Petticoats, fitted  
flounces and frills, black and marine stripes  
and blue green; £1. od. "Daily Mirror."  
TWO pretty Bonnets; suit elderly lady, good  
as now, rather dark; £1. od. "Daily Mirror."  
TWO handsome Table Centres, gold and  
silk, chiffon frill, vases worked in gold.  
each. Write 3045. "Daily Mirror."

TWO useful black cloth semi-gaiters, bro-  
basted Coat and long Skirt; 21. 22. 23. 24.  
each. Write 3018. "Daily Mirror."

USEFUL Costume of dark Fingal, tail-  
ored, high collar; brocaded; good. Write 3058.  
"Daily Mirror."

USEFUL grey Creeling Costume; 21. waist, saffron  
improvements; Write 3087. "Daily Mirror."

USEFUL dark grey fringe baled Costume;  
quarter satin-lined coat, beading; Write 3050.  
"Daily Mirror."

VERY dainty Fox Jacket of cream silk, with  
large collar over green silk; elbow sleeves  
green ribbon; Write 3084. "Daily Mirror."

YOUNG Lady's Dance Dress, of Rose-  
plated silk; prettily made; frills  
1s. - Write 3057. "Daily Mirror."

WANTED best quality chinchilla Collar,  
New Bond-street. W.

WANTED smart cream serge Costume;  
34. 35. 36. 37. 38. - Write 3051. "Daily  
Mirror."

WANTED white, green, blue. - Write 3051. "Daily  
Mirror."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A1. 12 each Table and Dessert Spoons.  
Forks, also Teaspoons (5 dozen) silver plated  
nickel silver; list price, £8 14s. 6d. H. E. C.  
Post free. - Write 3051. "Daily Mirror."

BARGAIN - Two lovely hand-painted  
Beds. - Write 774. "Daily Mirror."

BEAR Carriage Rug; dark brown, lined; quite  
new; 4x6 ft. worn, £7. 17s. 6d. - Write 3051. "Daily  
Mirror."

"BEATALL": 1s. 3d. bargain price  
lists free. - Write 3051. "Daily Mirror."

BEDSTICK (full size, lined); carriage  
bed, bordered, well; - Write 3051. "Daily  
Mirror."

DIAMONDS. Kulli crystal phansies  
doublet, emeralds and rubies; 10 carat  
sant; set silver, gold-cased; 10 carat  
Worth 7/11. Stockwell-road, W.

DOUBLE frilled book muslin Curtains  
32 x 60 in. long, equal to new, £10. 10s.  
Write 782. "Daily Mirror."

FISH Knives and Forks; handsome case  
pairs; silver-mounted; ivory handles, £1.  
now, £1. 10s. with box. - Write 3051. "Daily  
Mirror."

HANISOME velvet lined leather case  
holding six dessert knives and one  
plate, mother of pearl handles; £5. 10s.  
Write 3052. "Daily Mirror."

HANISOME pair of best silver plate dinner  
forks; make four; £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

HANISOME pair of lady's silver-hashed  
brushes; cost 25s. each. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

LADY wishes to sell Service silver, 12 table  
utensils, hall-set, etc.; £10. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

OLD Cutlery, hall-set, 12 table  
utensils, hall-set, etc.; £10. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

OLD ladies' handmades, quite privately  
Oriental Diamond Rings; on £5. the two  
cost £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

OLD Jewellery, artificial diamonds,  
etc., £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
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OLESKINS, dressed, for stoles, men's  
hats, &c. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

PAIR silver-backed Hair Brushes, silver  
framed; and silver-mounted Comb, silver  
framed; lady will allow £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

PAIR RAKKEET, small, beautifully finger  
field, Surrey. 7s. 6d. - Maria, 7s. 6d.

PICTURE Post-Cards - Japanesque and  
assorted; packets of three, £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

SINGER'S hand Machine; convertible  
accessories; little used; £1. 10s. - Write 3052. "Daily  
Mirror."

SOLID silver Inkstands, suitable  
room writing; perfect, daily  
use. 21s. - Write 3052. "Daily Mirror."

TWO handsome Table Centres, gold and  
silk, chiffon frill, vases worked in gold.  
each. Write 3045. "Daily Mirror."

Printed and Published by W. D. ROOME &  
Carmelite-street, London, E.C. Saturday  
January 16, 1904.

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THE . . .

# WEEKLY DISPATCH,

The Sunday Paper which is making  
such gigantic strides, has hidden

**£2,000,**

The largest sum buried by any Journal.



The Clues to this  
ENORMOUS TREASURE HUNT  
will be found in yesterday's

**WEEKLY DISPATCH.**

ON SALE TO-DAY AT  
ALL NEWSAGENTS.



JAN. 18, 1904.

## A LIFE OF ROMANCE.

The Late Sir Henry Keppel's Adventurous Career.

With regret we announce the death of the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, Admiral of the Fleet, which took place yesterday afternoon at his residence, 8, Albany, Piccadilly.

Into the ninety-five years of Sir Henry Keppel's life has been crammed plenty of incident and adventure. The story of his career, from his first misadventure, when at the age of three weeks he was confined and all but buried in the back garden, to his retirement to the "pick oakum" list in 1879, reads like a romance twenty times more thrilling than the



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY KEPPEL.  
The Navy's grand old man falls at last.

ordinary novel. In his later years, too, in spite of his great age, Sir Henry was a keen sportsman and a first-class shot.

Young Harry Keppel entered the Navy as a "midshipmite" in 1822, when George IV. was King. He once told the story of his choice of a profession in his own racy way:—

"When I was about eleven years old my brother Tom and I were called into my father's dressing-room, and he informed us that it was quite time we selected a profession. We both decided for the Navy. Father thought we ought to have separate professions. As we disagreed I hit Tom in the eye, and he, being the bigger, returned it with interest, and when we had had enough fighting father thought we had better both be sailors!"

## Weathering the Point.

The beginning was typical of the young sailor's life. Brave as they make them, and simply overflowing with high spirits, Lieutenant Keppel (he was promoted at the age of twenty) was to the fore wherever mischief was afoot or deeds of daring to be done. In his "Reminiscences" and his "A Sailor's Life Under Four Sovereigns" he spins many spicy yarns.

In the thirties, when Rajah Brooke was fighting the pirates of Borneo, Keppel was sent with despatches from Zante to Beyrouth, which were to be delivered with the utmost speed. A storm came on just as the brig was passing a headland, and the master demurred to Keppel's order "to weather the point." Keppel was firm. "Carry on," he said, and seated himself on the extreme end of the weather taffrail. The wind was awful, and the brig all but stood on her beam ends as she rounded the point. The first lieutenant shouted to the steersman: "Hard up with the helm!" and Keppel roared back: "Helm be damned, the rudder's out of the water!"

The brig arrived with the despatches, and Keppel received the congratulations of his admirals.

## A Favourite of the Queen.

On his return to England, home, and beauty, after many a brush with pirates in the Straits of Malacca, the lieutenant—now transformed into captain of the Dido corvette—was guilty of an escapade, which, but that he was born under a lucky star, might have cost him his position. He was under orders to land at Sheerness, and his wife was waiting for him at Portsmouth.

Our young blood was equal to the occasion. He changed clothes with the master, in whose charge he left his ship, landed, and hurried in a chaise and four to meet his wife. Three days later he reported the arrival of his wife and the ship.

All his life the Admiral was a persona grata at Court, and among his best friends he counted their Majesties the King and Queen. His collection of royal photographs was his most treasured possession, and those he prized highest were the pictures of her Majesty as Princess of Wales, all signed with her autograph and inscribed: "To my dear little Admiral."

Sir Henry came of gallant stock. His father was the fourth Earl of Albemarle; his brother, the fifth Earl, carried the colours of his regiment at Waterloo. He leaves behind him a son to carry on the traditions of race in the person of Captain Colin Keppel.

## KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE.

The Strained Relations Between Father and Son at the German Court.

## GREEK MEETING GREEK.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Saturday.

The strained relations between the Kaiser and the Crown Prince continue to be the subject of discussion among those who are in the way of securing the latest Court gossip.

The Crown Prince's tendency to rebel against his august sire dates from the day when he reached the age of twenty-one. He is now twenty-two, and has become imbued with the idea that he ought to see things through his own eyes rather than through his father's. In fact, the young man has reminded his father that it will be utterly impossible to model his character in keeping with the ideas which the Kaiser holds as to how a future German Emperor should be trained.

Frederick William has had numerous discussions with his father on the subject of life and destiny. He has made so bold as to tell the Emperor that because he himself does not like horse-racing that is no reason why, if the sport appeals to the son, the latter should not follow his inclinations in this direction. The Crown Prince, it is stated, has even pointed to the example of his great uncle, King Edward, who, he has emphasised, is none the less loved by his subjects on account of his interest in the Turf.

Again, the Crown Prince has urged that his father should raise no objection to his seeing an anti-military play. "How can I get broad ideas on men and things if you wish to keep

me in a narrow circle?" asks the Crown Prince.

The Kaiser has taken up an obdurate attitude on all the points raised in the discussions between his son and himself. It is even hinted that he has pointed out that his bidding must be obeyed. But the Crown Prince does not see that he should be treated as though he were still a boy, and in several things recently has flatly acted in opposition to the commands of his father.

He has had to pay the penalty for his disobedience. For instance, he was not allowed to attend the marriage of his old tutor, Count von Platen zu Hollermunde with the Countess Stolberg-Wernigerode, a lady of honour of the Empress. Then he was not permitted to visit the studio of the Princess Wolff-Parlaghy, who is painting his portrait. His disobedience also was responsible for his absence at the gathering organised in honour of Professor von Duygalsky, leader of the German expedition to the North Pole.

What annoys the Crown Prince even more is the system of espionage to which he is being subjected. He considers that he is regarded in the light of a *mauvais sujet* when subalterns spy upon his actions.

The young man, so runs the gossip of the Court, has told the Emperor that he cannot submit to this kind of thing, and that, if it is impossible for him to live peacefully in Berlin, he would much prefer to reside abroad, for a few years at any rate.



THE TSAR'S BEST FRIEND.

The Tsaritsa's illness is causing Russia's ruler keen anxiety.

## STORY OF AN ORPHAN.

Beatrice Maud Revelly, aged twenty-one, and dressed smartly as a hospital nurse, was charged at Windsor with stealing a silver watch and black skirt from a woman at Sunningdale, who gave her food and lodgings for a night.

She had, it transpired, lived a chequered life. Fatherless, she was sent to a private home until her mother married again. Her mother died, and she was sent to Dr. Barnardo's Home. He obtained her a situation, but she did not retain it, nor many others tried her. The police alleged against her a series of small larcenies and obtaining lodgings under false pretences. A lady and the Governor of Reading Gaol were taking an interest in the prisoner. The magistrate said it was a sad case, and sentenced her to fourteen days only.

## VICAR CHARGED WITH IMMORALITY.

The rector of Bolnhurst, St. Neots, the Rev. Robert Atherton, appeared on Saturday at Bedford before a Consistory Court, presided over by the Chancellor of the Diocese, to answer certain charges of immorality.

The allegations were denied on oath, and Mr. Atherton, who is about 50 years of age, said that he was the victim of a conspiracy.

The court found the accused guilty in the case of the boys, but in the case of the two men the charges were declared not proven. This decision will be reported to the Bishop of Ely.

## BOERS FAVOUR AH SIN.

The Boers generally are apathetic regarding the importation of Chinese labour.

General Botha is, however, opposed to it, while Generals Piet Cronje (of Paardeberg fame), Kemp, and Celliers favour it.

At a meeting of 150 Boers of the Heidelberg district a resolution in favour of Chinese labour has been carried unanimously.—Reuter.

## HARMLESS PARLIAMENTARY DUEL.

The duel arranged between MM. Sembat and Soutard, as the result of an altercation during Friday's debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the Labour Exchange riots, was fought on Saturday morning.

The combatants exchanged shots without effect.—Reuter.

## LOST EXPLORER.

The efforts to find Baron Toll, the Russian Arctic explorer, have been unsuccessful.

According to a telegram from Yakutsk, in Bennett Land Baron Toll left documents showing that on November 8, 1902, he turned southward, but no other trace was found of him.

A German female Social Democrat agitator, Fraulein Rosa Luxemburg, has been sentenced, at Zwickau, to two months' imprisonment for *lèse majesté*.

## TSARITSA ILL.

Court Ball Postponed on Account of an Attack of Pleurisy.

The Tsaritsa, who has been suffering from influenza, has been attacked with pleurisy.

This serious announcement has had the effect of postponing the February 2 the first Court ball of the Petersburg season, which was to have been given at the Winter Palace on the 25th.

The Tsaritsa's health has been the subject of much anxiety of late.

It was only quite recently that her Major which so engaged the attention of her imperial husband that it was given as a reason of delay in the Russo-Japanese negotiations.

The devotion of the Tsar for his royal consort is equalled by that of the Tsaritsa to her husband. She has been accustomed to accompany him everywhere. One of the latest photographs of Russia's ruler shows him on a shooting expedition with his

son in the West End of London. The above advertisement has work of a moment to dispatch the number of a staff to see the new Queen of the West End of London. The pages of a magazine who have l

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## BY DAYLIGHT ONLY.

New Magician's Method of Foiling the Evil One.

MADAME FOR A SHORT STAY ONLY. Well-known, the celebrated Spirit Medium, and Physiognomist. As Philosopher, and Graphologist, she is well known throughout the United States. Her speculations in all the arts of divination have been successful, far more successful than the out-of-date methods of her predecessors. Various spiritualists and psychics have been deceived by her methods. Everyone can hold spiritual audiences in confidence.

The above advertisement has appeared in a daily contemporary. It was the work of a moment to dispatch the most occult member of the staff to see the newcomer, and find out wherein her methods differed from those of the magicians who have been reaping fortunes in the West End of London. Our representative writes that he was able to obtain one or two new points for spiritists.

In the first place, the lady explained that every person has a good and a bad spirit. This notion goes as far back as Socrates, and holds much farther still, but the practical possibility is that this lady has established a difference between her methods and those of the other spiritists with whom she works, and the writer has had any acquaintance.

"All my seances," she explained, "take place in the day-time. I never work after 1 p.m. I have watched other mediums, and always found it is only the bad spirit which can be induced to manifest itself at once. Those who allow themselves to be in health, perhaps their sight and sense of hearing; but after a long experience I have found quite fit and well, because my spirit is a good spirit, and we work in the light."

"Who can think of spirits?" she said. "I can get these things done, but it is not worth while. What I do is to have a number of people and give each one a pencil. Do not touch them, but after a time all those who answer to the questions which they ask themselves have asked, and with surprising

The theory is that only one's bad spirit acts, and is rather rough on journalists, and others, and all who do any work after dark."

## ONLY BOUQUETS BARRED.

West Ham Tram Men May Now Wear Roses.

Everyone knows the fascination of the trammen's manner, his winning smile, his grace, and the fatherly interest he shows in helping the smaller members of the public to mount or alight from his vehicle. He goes straight to every woman's heart, and is so richly gifted by nature that the Publicity Committee of the West Ham Corporation came to the conclusion that it would be for the peace of mind of the borough if drivers and conductors of the new electric trams were forbidden to wear flowers in their

at Saturday's meeting of the Corporation the cruel edict was warmly debated, and it was pointed out that many of the men were fond of flowers that they would deprive of their company. The corporation took the view that, even if the female population of West Ham took pleasure in the trams to gaze upon the floral decorations of the staff, it would do no part in the traffic receipts.

The rule was, therefore, struck out, reducing the number of men may wear nosegays. The rule will only at shower bouquets will be drawn.

## TRYING TO MAKE OFFICERS.

The Memorandum regarding the new scheme for Army entrance examinations, which was issued from the War Office in November last, has been amended as follows:

The subjects covered by the qualifying certificate as shown below, into two classes, 1 English; 2, English History and Geography; 3 Mathematics (Elementary). N.B.—All subjects must take, and qualify in each of the three subjects.

C. G. Science, French or Latin, N.B.—The subjects must be taken in any two of the three above subjects.

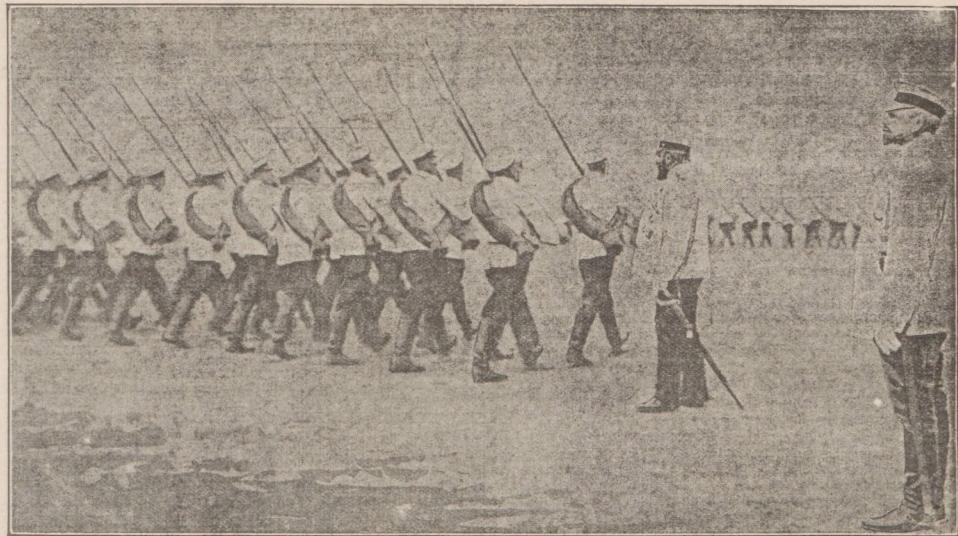
A candidate will be allowed to take out a certificate of examination, before he has attended the Royal Military Academy or Royal College will be German or French, and

MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Lord Lansdowne has informed Mr. F. Doggett, of Cambridge, of the death of Mr. W. J. Doggett, in East Africa, engaged on the Anglo-German Boundary Commission.

The death was due to drowning in the Kagera River, presumably when collecting literary specimens. Mr. Doggett was two years with Sir Harry Johnston in Uganda Protectorate.

The production of the new Alhambra ballet, "The Year Round," has been postponed till Thursday, the 21st inst.



ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF REVIEWING TROOPS IN THE FAR EAST.  
Russia's warrior has told his soldiers that the Tsar wishes peace.

## FLOWER-SELLERS' CHAMPION

Mr. Curtis Bennett on the New License Tyranny.

Mr. Curtis Bennett has proclaimed himself the champion of the street flower-sellers' rights.

Two men, who had been going from house to house in Camden Town offering pot plants for sale, were brought up before the Marylebone magistrate, charged with acting as peddlers without a license. The magistrate said it was monstrous that the men should have been arrested, and that until the Chief Commissioner issued an order directing proceedings to be taken against flower-sellers, as a class he should refuse to convict.

The flower-sellers of Marylebone have therefore ceased to fear immediate interference. Their brethren in other London districts, however, have awakened to the fact that they are under strict police supervision, and must take out licences if they offer their flowers from door to door, or sell pot plants.

On some of these unfortunate people the police order has fallen with great hardship. At Battersea Park a flower-seller and his wife pitched at a certain corner for four or five years, and are regarded both by police and public, as a respectable couple. The man sells pot plants and the woman calls with her basket at the flats in neighbouring blocks of mansions, where she has regular customers.

On Saturday they were in distress. The woman said the police had "fetched her man" to take out a licence.

"It was a wonder," she said, "that he had 5s., coming from market on Saturday morning. I hadn't, so they give me till this afternoon to get it. Seems a bit rough that we should both have to take out a licence. Flowers have been dear enough without taxing us 10s. between us." The flower-seller says she gets most of her custom calling from door to door. Her customers expect her, and know that, wet or fine, she and her fragrant vehicles of larger size await the coming of summer.

Fares are strictly moderate. A through ticket to Greenwich—matter of nearly seven miles—costs 3d., and workmen's cars do the journey for a penny. There is a six-minute service from the bridges, and this becomes a two minute service at the "Elephant."

A *Daily Mirror* representative, after some

pains, mental and physical, found a seat in one of the glittering chocolate and cream vehicles on Saturday.

All went well for a time, and the passengers' comments took the tone of highest admiration. But at the corner of New Kent-road stood a mother with her baby. A small cause, but what a result. The car had to stop, and for minutes no amount of wheel turning or lever switching would induce that obstinate car to move.

It trembled once, and subsided into motionless silence. Comments, jovial, hilarious and the reverse, were heard. A fat man in the corner was on the verge of an angry explosion when there was a jerk, and the car sped on its way. Peace once more reigned.

## OUR OLD FOLK-SONGS.

"British Folk-Song with Illustrations" was at the order at the Royal Institution on Saturday.

Mr. Fuller Maitland gave the first of a series of lectures, Mr. James C. McInnes and Miss Alston illustrating his remarks by their admirable rendering of old melodies.

Mr. Maitland showed the presence of the pentatonic foundation in most of the early Celtic ballads, a characteristic which they share with ancient Persian and Nubian music.

A clear example of this pentatonic scale is given in the well-known air to which Burns' "Ae fond kiss and then we sever" is usually set, and the Cornish melody, "Come, Mother," is similarly built up.

Mr. Maitland recalled with enthusiasm the wonderful "skirls" with which the Highland preceptor is wont to garnish the "giving out" of the Psalms. For the superfluous flourish, appropriately called the "Scotch snap," nothing could be said but that it was intensely irritating, a fact which made it the more strange than all the pseudo-Scottish airs born south of the Tweed were plentifully be-spinkled with these "embellishments." That the Scots themselves eagerly adopted these imitation national airs Mr. Maitland counts to their discredit.

"We hope to become an influence. There are many reforms which we should like to effect. The question of national opera will receive attention among other things. We want to extend a helping hand to professionals and amateurs, a guiding one to the general public.

"We are essentially English, and do not propose for the present to take any steps to induce foreigners to become members."

## PENNY FOR SEVEN MILES.

How the Workman Now Travels by Electricity from Greenwich.

Tram horses have not all disappeared from South London, but those that remain had a sneaking look of dejection and foreboding as they saw the public inauguration of the London County Council electric cars on the Greenwich service.

L.C.C., Board of Trade, borough council, and other officials had a trip to Greenwich in state earlier in the week, but the cars commenced running in the public service on Saturday morning, starting simultaneously from Greenwich, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster at half-past nine.

The inhabitants of the districts through which the cars passed turned out in their thousands. One would have thought a train the rarest of objects, and there was not nearly room for all the would-be passengers. The cars put on the road for the winter months are of the small type, with accommodation for fifty-six people. In the yards, however, vehicles of larger size await the coming of summer.

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A *Daily Mirror* representative, after some pains, mental and physical, found a seat in one of the glittering chocolate and cream vehicles on Saturday.

They will be quite unlike the German letter postage stamps. They are larger, with the value clearly printed in the middle and the winged wheel, which is the "crest" of the Prussian State Railways. The colours used will be red, green, and light grey.

Francesco Michetti, the celebrated painter, has designed a new series of Italian stamps. An idea of the general pictorial nature of the designs may be gathered from the two centesimi stamp, which represents the heavens with electric sparks flying between the luminous bodies; while underneath are broken telegraph wires hanging from a telegraph pole. This and the one cent. stamp are dedicated to Alessandro Volta and William Marconi.

## MODELS FOR US TO ADMIRE.

The scheme for forming the Concertgoers' Club, which originated with Mr. Alfred Lang, has met with the sympathetic approval of many, if not most, of the leaders in the musical world.

"We take ourselves seriously," Mr. Lang explained to a representative of the *Daily Mirror*. We feel that concertgoers need education. A taste for real music may be cultivated where it is not born. If the public prefer a popular ballad to a work of art it is more a question of lack of taste than bad taste, since to a music enthusiast criticism below a certain level is impossible.

"We hope, by means of debates, lectures, and what we rather ambitiously announce as "model" concerts, to show English people what is really worthy of their admiration. The idea of forming a club with these aims came to me quite a short time ago, and I was amazed at the universal sympathy with which my suggestions were met. If our venture proves successful we shall in course of time have a permanent home, but for the present our fortnightly meetings will be at the Criterion."

"We hope to become an influence. There are many reforms which we should like to effect. The question of national opera will receive attention among other things. We want to extend a helping hand to professionals and amateurs, a guiding one to the general public.

"We are essentially English, and do not propose for the present to take any steps to induce foreigners to become members."

## COPING STONE DANGER.

New Terror Added to Life in a City.

Dr. Thomas, the Central London coroner, held an inquest on Saturday upon Arthur Dore, who was killed by the fall of a coping stone in Westbourne-grove last Thursday.

Evidence was given by Mr. Samuel Clarkson, one of the district surveyors to the County Council. After the accident he made an inspection of the premises. The cause of the fall was the imperfection of the bridge. The mortar was bad. He produced a sample. It looked more like earth mould than mortar. The bricks that had fallen were quite clean of mortar. The witness added that he was afraid there were a good many buildings of the same sort in that part of London.

The coroner said it would be advisable to make an inspection of the coping stones of the district, in case they had been constructed of similar mortar and in a similar fashion. In the weather we had been having they might fall without any warning.

Mr. Clarkson said the alterations that were being made to Mr. Mardell's shop had nothing to do with the falling of the coping and cornices.

Mr. Mardell suggested that the cause of the disturbance might be the erection recently of telephone and telegraph posts on the roof of the post office adjoining his premises.

An immediate inspection was promised.

## NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.

Philatelists rejoice. A new series of stamps is to be issued by the Prussian Government on February 1 for use on bales and parcels sent by express or goods trains. Their value will begin at 30 pfennigs (approximately three pence) and go up by pennyworths to a mark (one shilling). Five-pfennig stamps will also be issued for convenience in making up small amounts.

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## THE WELSH PARSONS' PROTEST.

Memorialising Lord Londonderry the incumbents of various parishes in the Fonden union, where there are none but Church schools, object to a rate that the County Council propose to levy for the maintenance of the provided schools only, from which they will derive no benefit. They will have to pay a portion of a provided school debt amounting to £13,390.

Lord Londonderry in reply referred to a letter he wrote, which was published in November, and added that the Government would take at the proper time such steps as might be necessary.

## SHALL WE GRIND OUR SKATES?

In the lower Thames Valley a sudden fall of the barometer raised the hopes of skaters on Saturday. All the ponds and skating-grounds were covered with a thin coating of ice. Despondent skaters may yet have a chance to use their skates.

## A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

Stole His Mother's Jewellery  
and a Matron's Money.

Like Winnie Wynne, a "cuss" seems to be on Albert Bennion, a boy of eighteen—he simply had to beg his bread.

Mr. Hall, the court missionary of Bow-street, when the lad was charged with begging on Saturday, said he believed prisoner to be the worst boy in London.

At the Bedford Reformatory, where he went in 1900, he became a regular youthful prodigy. At first he could scarcely read or write, but he made marvellous progress, and was in the habit of sending the missionary a cheerful letter every day.

He gained prizes at the reformatory, and left at the end of three years with a prospect of doing well on a farm in Canada. But back he went to his old ways of begging and stealing.

In his early youth he lured three younger brothers away from school, and left them to be picked up by the police. As an errand-boy he ran away with some money he had collected. Afterwards he left two situations immediately upon getting his wages.

He made off with some money belonging to the matron of a boys' home. When he left the Bedford Reformatory he stole 25s. from the place where he was employed. Not content, he broke into his mother's house in East Dulwich and stole clothing and jewellery.

Bennion was remanded, to see whether he could not be benefited by another twelve months in the reformatory.

## JUDICIAL ANECDOTE.

Mr. Rentoul, K.C., sitting in one of the Old Bailey Courts on Saturday, introduced a little story into his summing-up after hearing a charge against a driver of being drunk while in charge of a dray, and of seriously injuring a costermonger. In defence it had been shown that the drayman frequently suffered from the recurrent effects of a blow which he had once received. This made him appear to be drunk.

The story told by the Judge was that he had a friend—a distinguished K.C.—who, having obtained a knowledge of the French language from books, resolved upon spending a holiday in Paris.

His enjoyment was, however, considerably marred by the celerity with which the French police arrested him upon a charge of drunkenness. They evidently thought no man in his sober senses could possibly speak their language in the manner affected by the eminent K.C.

The jury, after this anecdote, promptly brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

## SIR FRANCIS JEUNE RETURNS.

Sir Francis Jeune returned to his work as president of the Divorce Court on Saturday after having been absent for a considerable time owing to his illness. He merely heard one case which occupied a comparatively short time.

A nurse, Mrs. Ellen Forsey, sought a divorce from her husband, an ex-policeman. She had been married to him at Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, where he was then in the local police force. Their married life turned out unhappily, and ultimately they separated. Afterwards, in June, 1903, Mrs. Forsey learnt that her husband had gone through the ceremony of marriage with another woman in Guernsey.

A decree nisi was granted.

## AFFLICTED WITH THE "DUKE."

The statement made at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday that a man arrested for working a horse which was in an unfit state had said "Oh, he's got the duke," puzzled the magistrate. He was informed that the expression "duke" was slang for skin disease.

A veterinary surgeon who was present was asked if he could explain the origin of the expression.

"Only the old saying, 'God bless the Duke of Argyl,'" he replied. "He had a wish to erect in the Scotch country posts for four-legged animals to scratch themselves against."

The Magistrate: I was only wondering whether the expression was "duok" or "duke."

## 294 VISITS TO POLICE-COURTS.

Police-court missionaries have a hard time of it, judging from the summarised report for the past year issued by Mr. W. Fitzsimmons, of the Thames Police Court.

He made 294 visits to police-courts and 1,250 visits to homes in connection with cases that came before the Court. Situations were found for forty persons, as the result of ninety-eight visits to employers. The missionary, at home or in court, received 578 callers, and wrote 711 letters. And, amongst many other miscellaneous labours, he saw to the distribution of 516 cwt. of coal, and attended and addressed ninety meetings.

## SUPPER PARTIES AT HENGLEUR'S.

At the Union Jack Ice Carnival at Hengler's, on February 4, there will be some attractive features. A novelty is the first performance of the Union Jack waltz, which has been composed for the occasion. Supper tables have been booked by the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Bedford, and many other ladies well known in society.

## SON AGAINST FATHER.

Unfilial Attempt to Make a Criminal of an Honest Man.

## CONTRITION AND WITHDRAWAL.

In the natural order of things the cases which are heard at the Central Criminal Court are only too frequently of a most painful character.

It is seldom, however, that the circumstances are so peculiarly distressing as in the case which came before the Recorder at the Old Bailey on Saturday, when an elderly man named Robert Markham surrendered to his bail to answer a charge of publishing a defamatory libel concerning his son, Leonard Markham.

On the case being called, Mr. Elliott said he was present to ask the Court to allow the prosecution to offer no evidence in this case, which was one of a very painful character. The prosecutor, who was the son of the prisoner, managed a provision business in London for his father. As the result of something which came to the knowledge of the father in connection with the management of the business, he wrote a letter to the plaintiff's father-in-law. It was on this letter that the allegations of libel had been based. The letter stated:—

"I am writing you on a very painful and distressing subject concerning my son Len, your son-in-law, for things have come to such a frightful pass that it is dreadful to think about it. He has robbed me of many hundreds of pounds to carry on his schemes of betting and gambling. . . . He owes money to bookmakers and moneylenders, and, if I am rightly informed, he has pledged his furniture. If this is so, how will it affect you and his home?"

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Elliott continued, Mr. Flanner at once demanded an interview with his son-in-law, and put it to him that if these accusations were true he would not allow him to visit the house, and would take steps to protect his daughter. The son-in-law was very much alarmed at what was

said by his father-in-law, and being at the same time dismissed from the management of the business, he, in a moment of impetuosity, and being ill-advised, began these proceedings.

## Son's Pignant Regret.

After the case had been committed for trial, however, the young man was seized with the most poignant regret that he should have behaved as he had done to his father. He was covered with shame, and was utterly unable to face the Court to conduct the prosecution.

Mr. Elliott explained that he was present to explain to the Court the prosecutor's position, and to ask in the most respectful manner that he might be allowed to discontinue the proceedings.

"I told him," Mr. Elliott added, "that if I was to be associated with the case there was only one course possible. I cannot imagine a more humiliating and regretful position for any man to be in. I would like to express publicly to the father on behalf of the son his extreme regret and contrition for his conduct.

The Recorder: Is the son here?—No, my lord.

Mr. Gill, K.C., who appeared for the father, remarked that the proceedings constituted a most outrageous scandal. The letter was a private letter from a broken-hearted father, who found that his son was robbing him, to the father-in-law.

The Recorder: I should like to see the prosecutor and to have heard from him a personal expression of his regret. He would have heard some expressions of my views on his conduct if he had been here.

The jury having returned a verdict of Not Guilty, the Recorder, in discharging the prisoner, said he very much regretted that he had been required to surrender himself into the dock. It was through an inadvertence, and he would have wished to save him from that ignominious position.

## THE POLICE SCANDAL.

Particulars of the Case Which the Scotland Yard Authorities are Investigating.

The Police Orders on Saturday night contained the following: "Detective-Inspector Alfred Ward promoted to Chief Detective of the F or Paddington Division, vice Detective-Inspector McCarthy."

This step is stated to be the outcome of the recent allegations made against a West End detective-inspector, although the result of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners' inquiry into the scandal has not yet been issued.

The allegations are receiving the strictest investigations at the hands of the Scotland Yard authorities, but as yet no public statement has been made by them with regard to the matter.

Inquiries by a *Daily Mirror* representative tend to show that there are four chief characters whose names have been mentioned in connection with the matter, viz., the officer involved, a publican, a bookmaker, and another police-officer.

The friends of the inspector state that it has been alleged against him that a sum of money—some £14 or £15—was passed over a public-house counter into his hands, and that this statement being accepted, the construction has been put upon it that the money was a bet, or that it was a bribe from the publican and the bookmaker.

The officer in question is one of the most popular in the force. He is recognised as one of the most successful of Transatlantic de-

tectives, and has won fame in some of the most notorious cases of modern times, having served for twenty-two and half years with distinction. His friends support him in protesting that the whole thing is a plot, and assert his innocence.

It is stated that the allegation that threats were made to shoot a police superintendent should not have great importance attached to it.

## ALLEGED PERJURY BY POLICE.

On Saturday summonses were applied for at Greenwich Court against three policemen—Sergeant Williams, Constable Eldred, 42 R., and Constable Croxton, 201 R.—on the ground that they committed perjury in a recent case against a man named Taylor.

Mr. Elliott, who made the application, said the police officers swore that on November 23, 24, and 26 last they saw Taylor, a commission agent at East Greenwich, receiving betting slips.

Taylor, on the other hand, went into the witness-box and swore that on November 23 he was at Homerton, attending a whippet race meeting; and on November 24 he was at a steeplechase meeting; and on November 26 he was at Brighton attending a funeral.

The Magistrate granted summonses against the sergeant in connection with the three dates mentioned, and against the two constables for one date.

## ADVICE FOR FOOLS.

Passing sentence on a man who had lost money by betting and had stolen his employer's money, Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, said that men who indulged in betting should read the opinion of the Duke of Portland, an owner of racehorses, who last week said in effect that the man who bets is no better than a fool.

When a good, straightforward, sensible man like the Duke of Portland strongly condemned betting, surely his words should have weight with a fool like the prisoner and others like him who were from the same cause going beyond their means.

## PUT TO FLIGHT BY A CAPTAIN.

George Smith, a Notting Hill labourer, chased by a captain in the 18th King's Dragoons who had found him in the officers' quarters at Hounslow Barracks with two coats over his arm, dashed into a passage and found that the only means of escape was by a window. He climbed through it and jumped on to a roof some distance below, thus making his escape.

However, the police have since arrested him, and the Brentford magistrates on Saturday sent him for trial.

## STIRRING UP TROUBLE.

After only six weeks of matrimony, Henry Tuckwell, a Notting Dale labourer, has been summoned by his wife for assault.

His plea to the West London magistrate on Saturday was, "She is really mad, your worship. When she has a cup of tea she insists on having three teaspoons in her saucer—one for the sugar, one for the milk, and one for the tea." The Magistrate: Why did you marry her? I thought she was a rational person.

The Magistrate (upon the wife chiming in): Why did you marry him?—I thought he was a respectable man.

The summons was adjourned.

## WOULD NOT GO TO THE INFIRMARY.

"Persons should not have an objection to go into parish infirmaries," said Dr. Thomas, the coroner at St. Pancras; "they are practically hospitals, and the diet is liberal."

Lucy Willson, aged eighty-four, upon whom the inquest was, had refused to go to the infirmary, and when eventually the relieving officer arrived deceased was unconscious. The doctor found her dead.

## BASE INGRATITUDE.

Barrister Grossly Libelled by the Man he had Befriended.

Ingratitude of a most despicable nature characterised the action of a man named Christian Weber, who was placed in the Old Bailey dock on Saturday to take his trial for the charge of publishing a defamatory libel concerning Mr. Ernest Badinus Florence.

The story told by Mr. Bodkin, on behalf of the barrister, was that thirty years ago Mr. Florence's father employed Weber to assist him in managing some East End printing-ink manufactory, and subsequently he obtained work in a printing-ink manufactory, but after thirty years in a further six months' imprisonment.

The Recorder told the prisoner that he was lucky for him that he was not charged with blackmail. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and ordered to find sureties for his good behaviour on his release from prison. If this was not done he would have to undergo a further six months' imprisonment.

Changed His Mind.

The prisoner's attitude in court had been peculiar, for, when called upon to plead his justification, he first stated that he wished to enter a plea of guilty, to the next sessions to enable the magistrate to obtain legal assistance to prepare his ordinary layman.

The question as to whether Weber could be assisted under the Poor Prisoners' Defense Act was then considered, as he said he was quite without means. The Recorder informed, however, that the prisoner had entered no defence when charged at the police court, and that under such circumstances Weber could not be granted legal assistance under the new Act.

Weber was being taken from the dock, having been decided to adjourn the case to the next sessions, when he called out that he would plead guilty. The case was, therefore, continued, with the result given above.

## FORGOTTEN TRADITIONS.

Mr. Justice Kennedy, on behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Russell, on behalf of the defendant, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., on behalf of the defendant, all in turn expressed their thanks to Saturday to Mr. Keen, of the firm of Keen, Keen, and Co., for having gratuitously undertaken to decide on the question of the amount of damages due to the plaintiff in connection with an action before the court.

Mr. Young caused some amusement by the remark that although Mr. Keen was now the managing director of a large firm he had been a barrister. He was sorry to say that now Mr. Keen had engaged in trade he had forgotten the traditions of the profession and he could not charged anything for his work. He would have thought that he would have known better.

## THE BRIEF BAG.

For shaking door-mats in the street after eight o'clock in the morning a woman was fined 5s. and 2s. costs, at the Thames Police Court on Saturday.

Daniel O'Connor, sent to an industrial school in 1884, and now doing very well in Canada, wishes to find his mother. He believes she has since married a man named Smith.

"You know what 'immediate' means with a foreign Government," Sir Albert de Rothschild retorted when he was told at Bow Street on Saturday that papers necessary to the defendant in an extradition case were coming in mediately.

A shop salesman named David Williams, living at Fulham, told the Bow-street magistrate, in explanation of his conduct, that he had bad luck at billiards, and owed £20 to a man in consequence.

Charles Somerville was deeply stirred when charged with stealing a silk hat and a watch from a policeman. He was discharged on a charge of theft, but was fined £5 or a month for the assault.

Two news-vendors were fined £1 each at West London Court on Saturday for "Shocking Murder!" Discovery of the body of a well-known young man in Shepherd's Bush! whereas their papers nothing to justify it.

In Clerkenwell County Court on Saturday a man sued his son-in-law for £3 which he alleged he had advanced in order that his son-in-law's wife might get a set of false teeth, but the teeth were never obtained, as she was ill. The case was dismissed.

An old woman named Bridget Murphy remanded at Westminster Saturday night charged with dropping gilt rings on the pavement and then accosting young women and the object of inducing them to buy the rings which she had picked up.

## THIRD TEST MATCH.

Fast Wicket Bothers the English Batsmen.

## AUSTRALIA'S LONG LEAD.

The fast pace of the wicket at Adelaide altogether too much for the English batsmen engaged in the second Test match with Australia on Saturday, and now the Australians have gained so great an advantage that our men will find it a very difficult matter to retrieve their position.

The home side completed their first innings for a total of 300, a by no means enormous total as totals go in Australia. The batsmen who went on Saturday did little, Bosanquet's leg breaks, which came up very quickly on the pitch, apparently troubling them considerably.

The bulk of the scoring was done by Noble, who continued to play steadily and well. A cover-point got rid of McLeod, and indeed the fielding of the Englishmen was maintained at a high level of excellence throughout.

Warner and Hayward made a most auspicious start in the English innings. In the half-hour's batting that they had before lunch they put on 29 runs, the M.C.C. captain being particularly hard on the bowling of McLeod, whom he three times despatched to the boundary.

The men continued to play steadily together for some little while after the luncheon interval, but when Hayward played a ball on to his wicket, Worse followed, for Tydesley, without scoring, was beautifully taken by Kelly at leg.

These early disasters naturally caused Warner and Foster to exhibit the utmost care. Foster was unusually slow, leaving the theory balls, which the bowlers were continually sending down, severely alone.

Warner for a time followed his example, but at last he evidently lost patience, and letting out at a harmless-looking one from Trumble he was brilliantly caught by McLeod at mid-on.

Worse almost immediately afterwards fell to Trumble in the slips, while both Braund and Bosanquet were out to the simplest possible catches.

Hirst made a great attempt to improve matters for his side, making some capital strokes for drawing stumps he unfortunately fared not so well as the Englishmen, and with only two wickets to fall, are 189 runs to the bad. Score:

AUSTRALIA.		79
R. A. Duff	b Hirst	113
M. H. Kelly	b Hirst	23
A. E. Gossner	b Arnold	59
T. C. McLeod	b Bosanquet	10
W. F. Howes	not out	3
<b>Total</b>		388

M.C.C.		20
McLeod	b Trumble	48
Foster	b Kelly	0
Duff	b Noble	21
Hirst	b Hopkins	13
Trumble	b Hopkins	58
Braund	b Duff	10
Worse	b Trumble	9
Warner	b Duff	11
Hayward	b Hirst	9
<b>Total (for 8 wickets)</b>		199

## BOWLING ANALYSIS.

AUSTRALIA—First Innings.

o. m. r. w. b. Total

27 3 33 9 3 Bosanquet 13 4 95 32

27 3 33 9 3 Braund 13 4 95 32

45 1 Hirst 14 1 58 2

**Total (for 8 wickets)** 199

Lovely and Fielder to bat.

Backers were again fortunate in the Middlesex Steeplechase, and, although at several fences the favourite Amethyst was outjumped by Boxley, three obstacles from home Mr. Bancroft's representative came right away and looked as if he could go round again.

Having won six races in succession, Hidden Love, purchased privately a short time ago by Major Coventry from Lord Gerald Grosvenor, was deemed a certainty for the Open Steeplechase, but making a mistake six furlongs from home was easily beaten at the finish by Bobsie. Both are in the "National," as also the Australian-bred Moifaa, who was making a first appearance in this country.

The Weir Steddall Hurdle produced a good field, and as little as 7 to 4 was accepted about the Morning Mail; but Precious, friendless in the market, won cleverly, being afterwards sold to Mr. Steddall for 170 guineas. Details:

Race. Winner. Rider. Price.

Novices' Hurdle (7) The Eagle ..... Matthews ..... 9 to 2

Richmond S.C. (6) Adonis ..... Driscoll ..... 6 to 5

Midd's H.p S.C. (7) Amethyst ..... Driscoll ..... 6 to 5

Open Schase. (6) Bobsie ..... Mason ..... 3 to 1

Weir S.G H.p (15) Precocious ..... Kenny ..... 100 to 1

Jam. H.p H.p (12) Chouette ..... Horan ..... 8 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

An inter-county ladies' hockey tournament is to be held this week at Weston-super-Mare.

The countries taking part are Somerset, Wiltshire, Dorset, Devon, Gloucestershire, Cornwall, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, and as follows:

Saturday, January 21, 1904.

Somerset vs. Wiltshire.

Devon vs. Gloucestershire.

Wiltshire vs. Herefordshire.

Gloucestershire vs. Shropshire.

Wiltshire vs. Dorset.

Gloucestershire vs. Devon.

Shropshire vs. Somerset.

Wiltshire vs. Shropshire.

Gloucestershire vs. Dorset.

Wiltshire vs. Gloucestershire.

Shropshire vs. Gloucestershire.

Wiltshire vs. Shropshire.

Gloucestershire vs. Wiltshire.

Wiltshire vs. Gloucestershire.

Gloucestershire vs. Wiltshire.



## COL. LYNCH TO BE RELEASED.

Is it a Bargain with the Irish Party?

The *Daily Mirror* is able, upon good authority, to confirm the report published in the "Weekly Dispatch" that Col. Lynch, ex-M.P. for Galway, and leader of a Boer contingent in the late South African war, is to be released shortly.

After various vain enquiries last night at the Liberal clubs, and at a source known technically as the "Convict Department," a representative called upon a well-known Liberal M.P.

"Certainly," he said immediately, "If Lynch has not been released already, he will be soon." I can assure you that it will be decided upon. It will be, moreover, a distinct gain to the Government. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Balfour in the future will find more sympathisers among the Nationalist members."

## LIBELED OXEN.

Bovril Does Not Appreciate a Theatrical Advertisement.

"Chevrol" was a beverage made from horses' bone for its inventor in besieged Bovril contains no horses. Ignorance of this distinction may lead you into trouble, as in the *Cherry Girl* Mr. Courte Pounds has seen in the habit of explaining the disappearance of his horses with the answer, "Alas! Haec illa lacrimæ. The following brief correspondence has taken place—

Bovril, Limited,  
Old-street, London.

Jan. 16, 1904.

Dear Sir,—We understand you have since Christmas been making a reference to our preparation in the musical play, "The Cherry Girl," and although you may consider the same to be a joke, we strongly object to such references. Bovril is guaranteed absolutely pure, and we have spent a very large sum in advertising this fact.

Any insinuation that it is made from anything but the best beef is calculated to do our business considerable harm. We have written a communication to Messrs. A. and S. Gatti asking them for an apology, which we are to publish, and moreover, the reference to Bovril must be at once stopped, otherwise legal steps will yours faithfully, Bovril, Limited,

GEO. L. JOHNSTON, Vice-Chairman,  
Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, W.C.

Vaudeville Theatre,  
January 16, 1904.  
Dear Sir.—The line—"Alas, they are mine!"—is the author's, not Bovril's, but you had better write to him.

The line—"And I hear they want my own!"—is my own. When I introduced myself to you, I did not expect to receive a cheque for £100 as a grace-memo.

Now, if I had said, "And they don't want any more," I could quite understand your complaint. Personally, I drink a great deal during my work, and always it is refreshing and sustaining.

I am very glad to have your assurance that it is absolutely pure.—Yours,  
COURTE POUNDS.

## THE MULLAH'S ROUT.

More Details of General Egerton's Victory in Somaliland.

Official telegrams from General Egerton add to the information concerning the Somaliland campaign and the health of the troops engaged. There were 215 prisoners and 366 Dervishes captured, and 680 Dervish dead were counted.

There are numerous in line of pursuit up to 12 miles on open prairie country, and the total is estimated to exceed 1,200. The route was completed, and no Dervish has been seen in the neighbourhood since, except a small party from the south.

The prisoners and deserters state that Hajji Abdurrahman, the commander, escaped, followed by two leaders of foot and horse, and was killed, with a large force, was said to be near Hudan during the fight.

The total loss to our native troops was 13 men killed and twenty-two wounded. The Italian Government has telegraphed the congratulations to the British Government on the congratulatory victory.—Reuter.

WAR OFFICE TO HAVE A JOURNAL.

Official sanction has been obtained for a new paper to be published at the War Office entitled "The Army Journal." As an "independent publication" it will form an authentic record of military affairs and doings.

A small charge will be made for the paper, and the initial expenses have been met by the War Office, it is expected to become self-supporting.

## KOREA FALLING INTO ANARCHY.

M. Pavloff Threatens Severe Measures if Outrage Continues.

## THE FORCES MAKING FOR PEACE.

There is little direct news bearing on the Far Eastern question, but the Tsar's pacific words, supported by the declaration of Vice-roy Alexieff, have had a calming effect, which is reflected in the improved tone of the Bourses.

The relaxation is, however, real rather than imaginary, and no definite hopes of the danger being averted can be indulged until the Tsar's reply has been delivered, an event not expected for at least a week. Indeed, there is much cause for alarm in the condition of Korea.

The "Daily Mail's" correspondent at Seoul, telegraphing last night, says placards are now being posted inciting the natives against the foreigners.

An armoured train with quick-firing guns from the ships has been got ready for use between Chemulpho and Seoul. It is being prepared to rush men who will be disembarked from the warships up the line to the capital at a moment's notice.

An exciting struggle is now taking place at the palace for the ascendancy over the Korean Emperor.

Miss Sontag, the Russian lady, who is really a diplomatic agent, is working against Lady Om, the favourite recently raised to the rank of Empress, who is credited with strong Japanese sentiments.

The same correspondent learns that much defective ammunition has been discovered on the Russian ships at Port Arthur, where there are already amazing evidences of corruption regarding the furnishing of supplies.

A Tokio correspondent says Mr. Pavloff has warned the Korean Government that excesses on the part of the natives will necessitate severe measures. The Koreans are stated to be burning villages and killing the people to such references. Bovril is guaranteed absolutely pure, and we have spent a very large sum in advertising this fact.

Japanese reservists in Northern China have been warned to wind up their affairs, and it is stated that 10,000 Chinese troops are shortly to be sent from Nanking to Manchuria.

It is stated that in the event of war 2,000 French troops will be despatched from Tonquin to the North of China.

As an effective retort on the "pagan invader" sneer of M. Pavloff, the Tokio journal "Ji-Ji" expresses anxiety as to the fate, in the event of war, of the 3,000 Japanese in Manchuria and the 6,000 in Siberia, as Russia "often ignores the rules of civilised warfare."

"THE TSAR'S WILL IS PEACE."  
St. Petersburg, Saturday.

The "Svet" publishes a telegram from Port Arthur stating that at the New Year's Day parade the Viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, addressing the troops, said it was the will of the Emperor that peace should be preserved in the Far East.—Reuter.

DISGUISED JAPANESE STEAMER.  
Port Said, Sunday.

The Russian transport Orel and the Russian collier Saratoff have arrived here.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company's steamer Inaba Maru arrived here considerably disguised, her funnel being painted red with a black top.

The Russian torpedo boat Flotilla is refitting here and is awaiting the remaining two vessels.—Reuter.

Suez, Sunday.

The Russian battleship Ossoliha, commanded by Admiral Wirenius, is coaling.

The Japanese cruiser Nishin sailed to-day

## ICE TO AID UNION JACK CLUB.

A grand ice carnival is to be held at the National Skating Palace on Thursday, February 11, in aid of the Union Jack Club, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have promised to be present.

There will be two entertainments, one from 3 to 7 p.m., and the other at 10 p.m. Specially organised skating competitions will be the great feature at both, and a committee, of which the Duchess of Bedford is president, has gone to a great deal of trouble to make this part of the carnival a success. Lord Redesdale is chairman of the general committee, which includes among its members General Sir Ian Hamilton, General Baden-Powell, Colonel Sir E. W. D. Ward, the Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Derby, Countess Howe, Viscountess Falmouth, Viscountess Coke, Miss Ethel McCaul, and Major Arthur Haggard (secretary of the Union Jack Club), hon. sec.

Tickets of admission will be 10s. 6d. in the afternoon, and 1s. in the evening.

BUTTER FOR CHAMBERLAIN.

Should we come to prefer Queensland butter? That pushful colony is evidently anxious to draw attention to the fact that she makes a good article deserving of the ex-Colonial Secretary's attention when the preferential tariffs come to be considered.

Two small parcels of butter addressed to the Earl of Warwick and Mr. Chamberlain from a dairy on the Darling Downs, Queensland, are on their way to England on board the Damascus.

for Perim. H.M. cruiser King Alfred has left for Aden.—Reuter.

## NOT UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

With reference to the reports which have appeared in the Press that the two cruisers recently purchased by the Japanese Government left Genoa under the British flag, we are requested to state that the British Consul-General at Genoa has reported that these vessels sailed under no flag, as it was dark at the time of their departure, but that the Japanese flag without pennant was to be hoisted at sunrise.

The statement that they arrived at Port Said accompanied by nine British ships of war is altogether without foundation.

## LORD LANSDOWNE CAUTIOUS.

To a correspondent who suggested to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs the desirability of allaying public anxiety by a definite pronouncement on the true state of the Russo-Japanese dispute Lord Lansdowne has sent a letter which says—

"His lordship does not think it would be desirable that he should, at this moment, make such an announcement as you have suggested relative to the state of affairs in the Far East.

"He ventures to refer you to the speech recently delivered by the Prime Minister at Manchester, which seems to him to contain all that need be at present said on this important subject."

Mr. Balfour's speech, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the cause of peace would be little served by bringing the matter into public discussion. He also said:—"It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to say that Great Britain will, to the full, carry out all her engagements, all her treaty obligations, in regard to any of her allies."

## EMPERESS PEACEMAKER.

Paris, Sunday.

The "New York Herald" states that the Dowager-Empress of Russia is earnestly using her influence with a view to peace, and that without her hostilities would probably already have broken out.—Reuter.

Vienna, Sunday.

At the Court Ball on Saturday evening the Emperor Francis Joseph spoke in a hopeful strain to the assembled diplomats concerning the crisis. Addressing the American Ambassador, he said, "I think affairs are going on better in the Far East, and that everything will be arranged satisfactorily."—Reuter.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

According to a Tokio telegram Admiral Alexieff has promised the Japanese residents of Port Arthur full protection in the event of war.

A tranquillising effect has been produced on the Russian public mind by the pacific words of the Tsar.

A representative of the Japanese Government in Winnipeg has concluded negotiations for the purchase of a large quantity of Manitoba wheat.

Most of the Japanese residing at Vladivostok are returning with their families to Japan.

Speaking at Newcastle on Saturday Lord Onslow said in his opinion it was imperative that this country should maintain an attitude of absolute neutrality as far as consistent with our treaty obligations.

## A RUMOURED RESIGNATION.

Rumours are current of the probability of an early by-election in Mid Herts.

These rumours, the Press Association states, are understood to have originated in a belief that the seat of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, the present member for the constituency, has been technically invalidated owing to the purchase by the Government of two foreign warships through the medium of the hon. member's firm.

If the facts are found to call for such a step it may be expected that Mr. Vicary Gibbs will, pro forma, accept the Chiltern Hundreds upon the assembling of Parliament, and immediately offer himself for re-election.

Lord Morpeth and Mr. Johnson were duly nominated as the respective Unionist and Liberal candidates at Gateshead on Saturday. The polling takes place on Wednesday.

## SKATING AT DAVOS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Geneva, Sunday Night.

The third grand skating exhibition at Davos came off before a great crowd in splendid weather.

The 500 and 1,500 kilometre races were won by Gunderson (Norwegian), Koenig (Dutch) being second. Edgington and Booth (English) were fourth and fifth.

In the figure-skating Salchow was first, Mrs. Syers, to the general disappointment, retiring. In the pairs Svaba and Euler won, Mr. and Mrs. Syers being second, and Johnson and Miss Squire third.

The English were warmly applauded.

## FAMILY GOES MAD.

Fear of Spooks that Ended in Tragedy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Berlin, Friday.

A modest little draper's shop in a quiet Berlin street has been the scene of a family tragedy.

Fräulein Elise Schneider lived with her two brothers, Karl and Gustav. All three, as well as their maid-servant, were possessed by the idea that spooks were at large in their home, and were somehow in league with robbers who might at any time break in and rob or murder the occupants.

This fear gave rise to many eccentricities. Fräulein Elise persisted in engaging one shop-girl after another, till at last there were six behind the counter with nothing to do. The brothers became absent-minded at their work and would sit and brood for hours. At night the whole family roamed restlessly from room to room.

At two o'clock this morning, after the usual aimless wander through the dwelling, the elder brother stationed himself at the door with a heavy cavalry sabre in his hand, and as a man passed on the staircase, attacked him and inflicted several deep wounds. The unfortunate victim was a respectable working-man.

After this brutal attack the madman retired to his own room and had a scuffle with his brother, in which the latter was severely hurt.

The police, on getting wind of the affair, decoyed the mad quartet to the police-station by pretending that the robber who had broken into their house was there awaiting identification, and all four were at once sent to a lunatic asylum.

## ROGUES ON THE RIVIERA.

Englishmen Arrested as Suspected Members of a Notorious Gang.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Sunday.

News has reached Paris that the French police have arrested at Mentone two men who are believed to be swell mobsmen belonging to the gang which the authorities attempted to break up during last year.

The men arrested are both Englishmen, and their names are given as H. Felton, a man sixty-three years of age, and George Mark, aged forty-eight. It is alleged that for some months past they have been engaged in swindling visitors to the Riviera.

Their headquarters were at one of the best hotels in Mentone, but they were frequently absent for several days at a time, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, and even places over the Italian border being visited by them.

Their arrest took place on January 13, two inspectors of the Paris police recognising them as they were alighting from the train at Mentone after the Nice races, which the police had been attending.

Though Felton denied that he was a sharper, the police persist in the assertion that the two men are swindlers for whom they have been searching for some time. It is probable that Felton and Mark will be expelled from French territory without delay.

## THE PIRATE ANSWERED.

The insinuation by Mr. Fisher, "the King of Music Pirates," that the "pirated" copies of Mr. Balfour's pamphlet and Mr. Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" have been placed on the streets at the instigation of music publishers in order that they may get sufficient backing to enable a severe copyright Bill to be passed, has called forth great indignation on the part of Mr. Day, of Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.

"It is a wicked thing that ought to be denied at once," he told a *Daily Mirror* representative. "Would any reputable publisher do such a thing? But there, I will give you the best of arguments to prove its absurdity."

"This past week I have attended a Parliamentary Committee on Musical Copyright, and a stringent Musical Copyright Bill has been drafted, and is now all ready to slip through, barring accident, such as dissolution."

Mr. Day then briefly sketched the "Musical Pirate" fight, showing how the Bill passed in 1902 was so mutilated in the Commons that it has proved almost useless; then on to the efforts of 1903, and, finally, to the drafting of the new Bill last week.

## DISTINGUISHED PAINTER TURNS MONK.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Rome, Jan. 14.

An interesting sequel to an American duel, in which the famous Florentine painter, Signor Mossini, took part, is now announced.

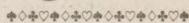
About three months ago the painter disappeared suddenly as a result of this American duel, which arose out of a love adventure. There was great curiosity to learn what had become of him, because as a painter he was much in request.

The curiosity of his friends has now been satisfied. Mossini has been discovered in the cloister at Ascoli Piceno. The artist has decided to become a monk, and has informed his friends that he will not return to his former career.

# IN TO-MORROW'S ISSUE

WE SHALL PUBLISH THE RESULT OF OUR

# Great Bridge Tournament.



TO-DAY WE GIVE THE

## Award of the Fourth Weekly Competition.

A VERY HIGH STANDARD OF MERIT.



BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

### ♦ THE SPADE "HERESY." ♦

A lady writes from Northwood questioning our statement that R. F. Foster "sets his face against" an original Spade declaration from weakness at least all, and refers us to page 46 of his book. On that page we read: "Never make it a Spade, when you have nothing up on the score, unless you have at least nine of them to four or five honours, and nothing in the red suits." This either means what we said it meant, or it means nothing at all.

### ♦ COUPON 13 IS STILL EXCITES DISCUSSION. ♦

We are obliged by the letter of L. V. C. He is quite right in supposing that all due weight will be given to explanatory comments, and that any solution will be counted correct in which it is shown that the points of the hand were properly understood. The same remarks answer W. H. H. and Ladybridge.

♡ ♡ ♡

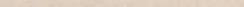
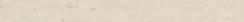
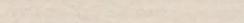
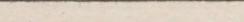
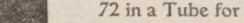
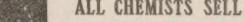
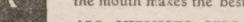
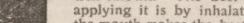
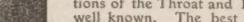
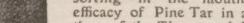
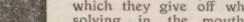
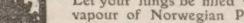
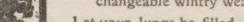
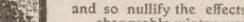
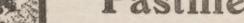
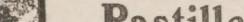
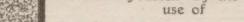
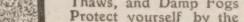
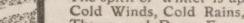
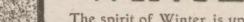
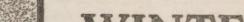
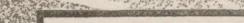
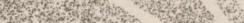
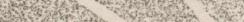
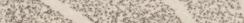
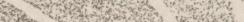
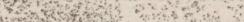
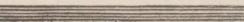
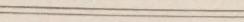
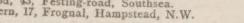
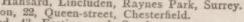
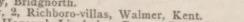
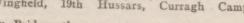
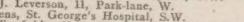
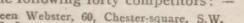
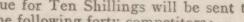
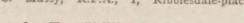
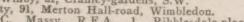
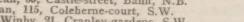
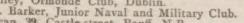
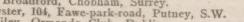
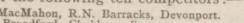
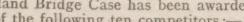
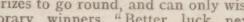
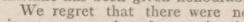
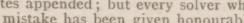
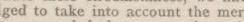
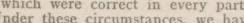
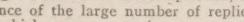
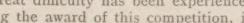
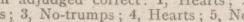
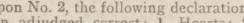
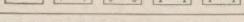
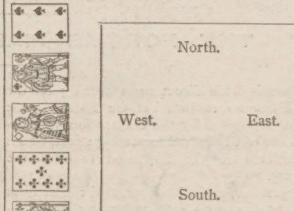
A. J. W. (Blackheath) not only objects to our play of Coupon 13, but is of opinion that "any way the hands are played, within the rules of the game, and provided the proper number of tricks are secured, should rank as of equal merit with the way published." He thinks the published play "is open to a good many criticisms." He considers that the way the trumps are played is "contrary to Whist and Bridge rules," and that it is wrong for YZ to "throw away from their long suit."

Our answer is simply this: No other mode of play by YZ will win the ten tricks. If A. J. W. will be good enough to send his proposed alternative mode of play, "according to the principles of Whist," we will at once demonstrate wherein it is defective.

♦ ♦ ♦

We have also a very interesting letter from "A.M." (Paris), which is unfortunately too long to print in full. "Although I have never entered one of your competitions," he says, "I follow your Bridge column with keen interest, and much appreciate your racy notes. Coupon 13 was specially interesting (as, indeed, were all the Double-Dummy Coupons). . . . Why not have a Double-Dummy competition pure and simple? It would be extremely interesting, and as everyone would be able to challenge the solutions"—(Oh, vista of horror!—ED.)—"all would be satisfied with the final result." (Our friend is clearly an optimist.) The writer goes on to refer to Dormoy's books on the mathematical probabilities of Whist, Piquet, and Ecarté, and thinks they would be useful in deciding some vexed questions of Bridge. We have ourselves been lately put into possession of some extensive records of hands played at Bridge (kept with great care, over a considerable period, by a friend) which tend to explode a good many "pet theories" of certain schools of players.

### IN OUR FOURTH WEEKLY COMPETITION, COUPON NO. 1 WAS AS FOLLOWS:—



## Under the War Angel's Wings.

THE EMPEROR OF KOREA AND HIS CAPITAL WITH ITS CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Seoul, the capital of Korea, which promises to be shortly the theatre of a most striking drama, is one of the curiosities of the East. It is in many respects like the ordinary Chinese city, for it was built five centuries ago by a monarch who chose China for his model.

There is the usual Chinese feature of a huge surrounding wall, with gates piercing it on all sides. These gates are called by grandiloquent names—the Gate of Charity and Wisdom, the Gate of Sublime Authority, etc. As in Pekin, they are closed soon after sunset, the keys being taken away to the Palace, and no bribe can open them till the morning.

Within the wall lives a population of 300,000 people. Most of them are huddled together in a way that no Londoner can appreciate. Even the worst parts of Bethnal Green or Newgate give little notion of the squalor and overcrowding of the average great city in the East; and Seoul is worse, rather than better, than the average. There are, it is true, three main streets of ample breadth, but even here the roadway is crowded, and even here the shanties erected by squatters, who are undisturbed until some Imperial procession goes forth to the tombs of the monarch's ancestors. Then the whole lot are pulled down, only to be re-erected as soon as the function is over.

The ordinary houses are built of mud, paper, and wood; those of the better class of houses, which, in lieu of mortar, is held together by plaited straw.

**East and West Brought Together.**

One thing that strikes the visitor from Japan or Hong Kong is the absence of vehicular traffic. The swift jinrikisha, the hansom of the East, is hardly ever seen; there are no omnibuses, and only a few people of high rank ride ponies or are carried in sedan chairs.

The last year or two, however, Seoul has possessed one of the characteristic features of Western civilisation, in the form of several royal palaces in Seoul. Some of them are in a more or less ruinous state owing to the eternal lack of pence that the country. One of the strictest regulations is that no common house shall stand higher than a royal residence, and there is a good story of a "real smart" Yankee who turned fact into profit account.

He had not done well in Korea, and was in reflection as to how to raise a sufficient sum to leave the country in comfort. Suddenly a luminous idea seized him. He turned to add to his house to make it over-sized. Could he run up another storey—

**NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER  
OF THE TWO NATIONS COMPARED.**

The crisis in the Far East has reached that stage when a comparison of the fighting power of the two nations cannot fail to be of interest. Taking first the Navy, we find, in the power of warships—that is, vessels of the



The Fleet of the two nations compared.

of defence, such as battleships and armoured warships in her own waters, of which has been thoroughly overhauled, and made ready for war. This moment Japan has no fewer than twenty ships now in the Red Sea, the fleet, it might be added, does not include the Kuroshio, nor her numerous torpedo boats.

At the moment the total tonnage of Japanese and cruisers amounts to some 100,000 tons. At present, there are several Russian warships on their way to Eastern waters, and by January in the matter of tonnage.

In reviewing the fleets we have to remember

that the whole of Japan's Navy is new.

She has six great battleships—the Shikishima, Mikasa, Hatsue, Asahi, Yashima, and Fuji. They can steam from eighteen to nineteen knots an hour, and are armed with four 12-in. and from ten to fourteen 6-in. guns each. Japan has also six modern cruisers—the Azuma, Asama, Idzumo, Tokiwa, Yukumo, and Iwate—with speeds of twenty to twenty-two knots. Each of these vessels have heavy secondary batteries, which are held by many naval experts to be more dangerous than the larger guns. In another fortnight or so the two new cruisers which recently sailed from Genua will have arrived. They also can steam at over twenty knots an hour, and are each armed with the latest type of Armstrong guns, namely, twenty-seven on each vessel. In addition to this strong fleet of cruisers Japan has four very fast protected cruisers, four torpedo gunboats, and twenty destroyers.

**The Russian Fleet.**

Under Admiral Alexeieff Russia has seven battleships—the Poltava, Petropavlosk, the Sevastopol, Peresvet, Pobieda, Retsinan, and Tsarevitch. She has, therefore, one more battleship than Japan. They are, however,



Map of Korea.

repairing a better idea may be gathered by the fact that the total tonnage of Japanese and cruisers amounts to some 100,000 tons. At present, there are several Russian warships on their way to Eastern waters, and by January in the matter of tonnage.

In reviewing the fleets we have to remember



Korean Emperor's bodyguard of bowmen. A photograph taken at the Imperial Palace, Seoul, Korea.

(Photo by Pictorial News Syndicate)

any kind of shanty would do—for a hundred dollars?

"Can do," replied the intelligent Celestial, and the building was started next day. But work had not gone far before an emissary from the Court came round to object. The American was obdurate; he stood on his rights, but hinted that means of compromise might be found. There were excited negotiations, and the matter ended in 5,000 dollars being transferred from the public treasury to the Yankee's private coffers. He had earned a first-class passage home.

Let us conclude with a glimpse at royalty and officialdom in this strange capital. Lord Curzon thus describes an audience with the King—

His Majesty's hands rested on a table, on which a hideous Brussels tablecloth half concealed a gorgeous piece of Chinese embroidery. Behind him and around him were clustered the Palace eunuchs in

Court dresses. At the side stood the interpreter, with his shoulders and head bowed in attitude of the lowest reverence. On either side were the two sword-bearers of state. Upon the royal brow was a double-tiered violet head-piece. His robe was of scarlet figured silk—the royal colour—with panels of gold embroidery on the shoulders and breast, and a gold-studded projecting belt.

Li Hsi is a man of small stature and sallow complexion, with hair drawn tightly up from the forehead beneath a skull-cap; very slight eyebrows, small, vivacious, black eyes; teeth discoloured by chewing the betel-nut, a piece of which he continued to masticate throughout the interview; and a sparse, black moustache and tuft beneath the chin. The King's countenance wears a singularly gentle and pleasing expression.

The President of the Foreign Office Lord

Curzon found to be "an old gentleman with a faultless black hat, a benign and sleepy expression, plump cheeks, and a long, thin, grey moustache and beard." Hearing that Lord Curzon had been a Minister of the Crown in England, the old diplomatist inquired the amount of his salary, adding, "I suppose you found that by far the most agreeable feature of office. But no doubt the perquisites were very much larger still."

Then, conscious that in his own country it was not easy for a person unrelated to the royal family to become a member of the Government, he continued, "You are, I presume, a near relative of the Queen of England?"

When a negative reply was given a look of deep disgust passed over the old gentleman's face, and Lord Curzon was fain to add, "I am, however, still an unmarried man." With that wily suggestion of the loftiest matrimonial ambition he completely regained the Korean's favour.

## JAPAN v. RUSSIA.

first that the whole of Japan's Navy is new. She has six great battleships—the Shikishima, Mikasa, Hatsue, Asahi, Yashima, and Fuji. They can steam from eighteen to nineteen knots an hour, and are armed with four 12-in. and from ten to fourteen 6-in. guns each. Japan has also six modern cruisers—the Azuma, Asama, Idzumo, Tokiwa, Yukumo, and Iwate—with speeds of twenty to twenty-two knots. Each of these vessels have heavy secondary batteries, which are held by many naval experts to be more dangerous than the larger guns. In another fortnight or so the two new cruisers which recently sailed from Genua will have arrived. They also can steam at over twenty knots an hour, and are each armed with the latest type of Armstrong guns, namely, twenty-seven on each vessel. In addition to this strong fleet of cruisers Japan has four very fast protected cruisers, four torpedo gunboats, and twenty destroyers.

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by no means so modern as the Japanese boats, though, speaking generally, there is not much to choose between them. In the matter of cruisers, however, Russia has only two against Japan's six. They are the Gromoboi and Bayan. They may, and undoubtedly will, shortly be strengthened by the Dmitri Donskoi, and Ostyabya, but even these cannot compare to the two fine cruisers which Japan secured from Argentina. We have only dealt so far with the great fighting weapons in the first line of defence, such as battleships and cruisers. To these must be added sixty-seven torpedo boats, in addition to which Japan has a number of "enrolled" ships she can call upon, including thirty-three vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Two of these vessels have already been taken over by the Government. Russia, it should be added, has thirty-five torpedo craft in Eastern waters. This fleet will be shortly increased by another six now on their way to Port Arthur.

**The Two Armies.**

Having considered the fighting strength of the two fleets, it is as well to look to the armies. As everyone knows, the soldiers of the Tsar greatly outnumber those of the Mikado. According to the "Statesman's Year Book," the Russian Army is put down as 4,500,000 men and 75,000 officers, while Japan has stated her Army to consist of 457,480 men and 11,611 officers. It is only right to point out, however, that experts declare the figures stated by Russia to be entirely fictitious, and that her Army numbers some 2,750,000 men. Where the Russian Army secures a decided advantage over that of Japan is in its fine cavalry regiments. The Jap is a bad horseman, while his horses, too, are "weedy" and "stunted" compared to those found on the Steppes of Russia. The Russian Cossacks cannot be equalled as cavalrymen. Altogether 328,705 Cossacks can, if necessary, be called to arms as infantry, artillery, and cavalry, for the Cossacks man twenty batteries.

The first conflict, should war break out, would undoubtedly be between the two fleets. Japan here has a distinct advantage over Russia. Her repairing yards, arsenals, and

coal depots are close at hand, so that the longer the struggle lasts the more would their superiority be marked. Many of the Russian officers, too, are unacquainted with Eastern waters, while every officer in the Japanese Navy knows, speaking generally, every inch of the ground. It is off the exceedingly dangerous coast of Korea where Japan would endeavour to cripple her opponent's fleet by means of her modern and up-to-date torpedo boats.

Russia is placed at a great disadvantage in that her base of supplies is several thousands



The armies of the two nations compared

of miles away. She would have to bring her Army through Manchuria by means of the great Trans-Siberian railway. As the latter would most likely be destroyed early in the campaign, the question of provisions would be a very serious matter. Perhaps the Tsar, at the very last moment, will step in, and the Russia and Japan war which has been looming so long upon the horizon will be averted.

JAN. 18, 1904.

## A POET AS PHILOSOPHER.

WOMAN WRITER'S SENSIBLE AND PRACTICAL VIEW OF LIFE.

POEMS OF POWER. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)

Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox is one of those poets who, without being numbered among the great masters (or mistresses) of their art, are almost always interesting, and generally tuneful, and whose verse therefore wins a large measure of popularity.

This volume is called "Poems of Power," to distinguish it from the earlier books called "Poems of Pleasure" and "Poems of Passion." That seems to be the only reason for the title, for there is nothing more specially "powerful" about the work here than about any of Miss Wilcox's volumes.

Here, for example, is a poem which would be better called "of pathos":—

## THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE.

(Written on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral.)

The Queen is taking a drive to-day.  
They have hung with purple the carriage-way,  
They have dressed with purple the royal track  
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labour as she goes by  
Or her last appearance to mortal eye!  
With head uncovered in all humility  
For the Queen to pass, in her regal state,  
Army and Navy shall lead the way  
For that wonderful race to the Queen's to-day.  
King and Prince and Lord of the land  
Shall ride behind her, a humble band;  
And over the city and over the world  
Shall the Flags of all Nations be half-mast-furled,  
For the silent lady of royal birth  
Who is riding forth from the courts of earth;  
Riding away from the world's unrest  
To a mystical goal, on a secret quest.

Though in royal splendour she drives through town,  
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown;  
And yet she wears one, for, followed no more,  
She wears the crown that she has worn before,  
And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

How low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by!

Miss Wilcox has a philosophy of her own, though it is a little difficult to grasp. In "Illusion" she produces an effect of meaning

a great deal, but to translate it into cold prose would be rather a task:—

God and I in space alone,  
And nobody else in view.  
"And where are the people, O Lord?" I said,  
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead,  
And the dead whom once I knew?"  
—"That was a dream," God smiled and said—  
"A dream that seemed to be true.  
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead;  
There was no earth—in you."

"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,

"Meeting You here this way?"

"For I have sinned I know full well!"

"And is there heaven, and there hell?"

"That is just the judgment day!"

"Say, those were bad dreams, the Great God said,  
"O Dreamer, they have seemed to be."  
There are no such things as fear or sin,  
There are no you—you never have been—  
There is nothing at all but Me."

MISS ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,  
Authoress of "Poems of Power."

This next piece, called "I Am," is more intelligible, because it is more practical, but, on the other hand, it has not the undefinable air of being such good poetry:—

I know not what I am,  
I know not whether I am,  
But the fact stands clear that I am here  
In this world of pleasure and woe.

And out of the mist and muck  
Another truth shines plain—  
It is my power each day and hour  
To add to its joy or its pain.  
I know that the earth exists,  
It is none of my business why;  
I cannot find out what it is all about,  
But it is there, but it is there to try.  
My life is a brief, brief thing,  
I am here for a little space,  
And while I stay I would like, if I may,  
To brighten and better the place.

In "Life's Harmonies" there is a more poetic note sounded—a note which will find an echo in the heart of everyone who has lived long enough to learn what really go to make up "life's harmonies":—

Let no man pray that he know not sorrow,  
Let no man seek to be free from pain,  
For the gall of toads is the sweet of tomorrow,  
And the moment's loss is the lifetime's gain.  
Through want of a thing does its worth redouble,  
Through hunger's pangs does the feast content,  
And only the heart that has harboured trouble  
Can fully taste when joy is seen.  
Let us shrink from life's harmonies,  
Of grief, and yearning, and need; and strife,  
For the rarest chords in the soul's harmonies  
Are found in the minor strains of life.

It must not be thought that Miss Wilcox's volume is given up entirely to what we may call her "philosophy of life." Here (to conclude our notice of a book of which the charm ought to ensure it many readers) is a dainty little love lyric:—

LOVE'S BURIAL.  
Let us clear a little space,  
And make Love a burial-place.  
He is dead, dear, as you see,  
And I am here to lay him and me.  
Growing heavier, day by day,  
Let us bury him, I say,  
Wings of dead white butterflies,  
These shall shroud him, as he lies  
In his casket rich and rare,  
Made of finest maidenhair.  
With the pollen of the rose  
Let us his white eyelids close,  
Put the rose thorn in his hand,  
Shorten his hair, and bind his strand.  
Let some holy water fall  
On his dead face, tears of gall—  
As we kneel to him and say,  
"Dreams to dreams," and turn away.  
Those gravediggers, Doubt, Distress,  
They will lower him to the dust.  
Let us part here with a kiss—  
You go that way, I go this.  
Since we buried Love today  
We will walk a separate way.

That shows the poet's talent in quite a different aspect, and an aspect which we are inclined to like quite as well, and even better, than that of her more strenuous moods.

and diamond pendant, a large diamond heart, and several rings. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland gave a wonderful diamond pendant with three huge tassel-shaped emerald drops, also a ceinture of baroque emeralds, rubies, and pearls of great size. Lady Marjorie, though lacking her mother's great beauty, is very pretty and piquante, and looked perfectly charming, as she stood by her father in the Great Hall receiving the visitors.

\* \* \*

The illness of Lady Ashburton is a source of much grief to her very large circle of friends. She was thrown out of her motor-car one day last summer, and it appears that the injuries she then received are the cause of her present condition, and there is very little hope of her recovery. Young, good-looking, extremely accomplished, and very popular, the elder daughter of Lord Hood married Lord Ashburton in 1889. Lord Ashburton is a noted gun shot, and the shooting parties at The Grange, his seat at Alresford, are, after Lord Leicester's, perhaps, the best in England, for the estate is admirably preserved.

\* \* \*

The exhibition of fancy skating at the ice carnival at Hengler's on February 4 will now have an added interest in the presence of Mrs. Syers, whose pluck in entering for the championship at Davos has aroused so much comment, and the Union Jack Club will assuredly

Mrs. SYERS,  
who made such a plucky fight at Davos yesterday.  
(Photo by Ward Muir.)

be the gainer, as many will be anxious to watch the marvellous evolutions of this young lady skater.

Apart from the skating, the stalls, which are to be erected in the grand tier, bid fair to prove a great attraction, and at night the supper parties which are being organised will bring a number of people to the Skating Palace. The "Union Jack Waltz," which has been specially composed, will be played for the first time on that day.

LAST WEEK OF SALE!

## Mme. VALÉRIE

COURT MILLINER,  
12, NEW BURLINGTON ST., W.TO-DAY, and Five  
. . following days..ALL Millinery, irrespective of marked prices  
will be reduced to 7/9 each.

HATS reduced to 7/9 each.

BONNETS reduced to 7/9 each.

TOQUES reduced to 7/9 each.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF BLOUSES  
reduced to 7/9 each.

No Millinery sent on approval during the sale.

## MAUDE TAYLOR

1636, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

## SALE THIS DAY

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

275.—RUSTLING GLACE B.R.K.  
Newest French Shape; trimmed with  
Bias, Pink, and Novelty.SALE PRICE 9/11, Usual Price  
All Orders executed in repetition and may be  
accompanied by Cheques or Postal Orders, but  
cannot be sent on approval, but will be exchanged  
if not satisfactory.The Highest Novelties in  
BLOUSES, CHEMISETTES,  
FANCY LINEN."AU ROYAL POINSETTIA."  
TRICHARD.

PARIS, 74, Boulevard Haussmann.

With a Copy of  
THE FISCAL ABCyou will still better appreciate  
Mr. Chamberlain's  
Great Speechat the Guildhall  
On Tuesday Next.A Condensed Fiscal Blue-Book in handy form  
Price 3d. EverywhereTHE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.  
(Photo by Kameke.)

ing better liked in Holland, and it is hoped that there are happier days in store for her Majesty. His Royal Highness has many faults, but he has a kind heart, and he is really fond of his wife. He has a great opinion that

Lord Helmsley and Lady Marjorie Greville's wedding presents, numbering several hundred, were set forth in the Green Drawing-room at Warwick Castle on Saturday afternoon, and over fifteen hundred of the townspeople and country neighbours were admitted to see them. The King's present is a ruby and diamond horseshoe brooch, with an autograph card. "To Queenie on her marriage, with best wishes." Edward R. Lord and Lady Warwick's gifts include, amongst others, a magnificent diamond and turquoise crown and necklace, several rings, and two hunting

\* \* \*

Lord Helmsley has given his bride a cabochon sapphire and diamond pendant, pearl



## FASHIONS OF THE HOUR.

### A PREVALENT CRAZE OF SOME CONVICTION.

It is bouillonnées and bouillonnées to-day. For it so tempts La Mode that we adorn in this manner our skirts, our bodices, and our hats, with no vestige of restriction. Indeed, on the other hand, rather are we urged to riot wildly by the treatment.

The very latest sleeve is a persuasion that bouillonnées from shoulder to waist, entitled Henri II. It is a decidedly picturesque departure, this, a smart as well as picturesque appearance. But these bouillonnées, adorable though they be when manœuvred by skilled, deft fingers tempered to the needs of the individual, become quite another story under manipulation of the little dressmaker, whose efforts invariably result in a bunched, clumsy mass of material, absolutely failing in any attempt at grace and outline.

—or very tame of protest on the plagiarism of others, unkind caricatures—made on very good modes could be written. Lovely options are ruthlessly murdered by incompetent expression. So few people seem to realise how a vogue in itself is nothing, but that the whole gist of the matter rests in the handling thereof. That we who chronicle the doings done therefor for a certain amount of time being, great is to describe with a flow of any new notion that arrives.

What dangerous period; one that proposes to

bring in its train an elaboration of fulness, the like of which we have not been asked to consider for several decades. The first point to bear in mind in connection with this revival is the modern condition under which these fancies will be introduced—to wit, the altered and, as we consider, improved contour, thanks to the cultivated corsetière; the different rules of life which necessitate more rapid movement; in fact, a hundred and one contingencies that demand to be considered and settled once and for all by those deeply versed in the sartorial art. And such decision as they choose to make should be final.

But all this, perhaps, is an unwarrented tirade; the only excuse to be pleaded in extenuation of it being the design illustrated on this page of a smart little champagne-coloured crépe de Chine bodice, reflecting over the potential delights of which my mind wandered incontinently off unto the text wherein I based my small sermon.

In a wealth of skilfully manœuvred bouillonnées, is found the particular cachet of the whole affair, to which an artistic mingling of copper-coloured velvet adds the completing touch of persuasive elegance.

#### RECIPROCITY OF COLOUR WANTED.

The present mode is to wear the blouse to match the skirt in colour. For instance, with a jupe of brown cloth will be seen a blouse of crépe de Chine in exactly the same hue, trimmed with gold brocade embroidery, having cream lawn ruffles that show a hem-stitched border of cream silk spotted with brown. Or, again, a pleated skirt of dark blue has a blouse of heavy chiffon, lightly figured with red soubathe braids.

It always has gone against the artistic sense to own any approval of a blouse which formed to a harsh contrast, and cut the wearer short at the waist; though one must confess that

one has oftentimes been carried away from this critical view of the case into fervent admiration of many of the exquisite light and pale coloured blouses one sees worn with black.

Still, theoretically, and certainly also in practice, if the figure is at all short or large in the waist, the blouse should, without doubt, be in suite with the rest of the costume; and it is a style which is already finding many wise adherents. Not the least among its advantages is that a dark colour can then be chosen, and a saving on the cleaner's bill effected.

## FURTHER SACRIFICES.

### MILLINERY ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

To-day and the five following days will be notable ones at Madame Valerie's, 12, New Burlington-street, as representing the last week of the sale, when all millinery, irrespective of any original marked prices, will be cleared at 7s. 9d. each, the only condition that goes with

this remarkable offer being that orders must be accompanied by a remittance.

### NOTEWORTHY BARGAINS.

Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.—Three and a half guinea costumes for 31s 6d.

Hancock and James, 8, Grafton-street, New Bond-street.—Ten per cent. off all corsets made to order during the sale.

Maude Taylor, 163b, Sloane-street, S.W.—Guinea glacé silk petticoats for 9s. 11d., in many colours, with deep flounces and three small frills.

### AN APPROPRIATE CHOICE.

Of extraordinary beauty is the Irish crochet lace which has been made for Miss Aly Bateman, the talented soprano singer, who sets out this week on a grand concert tour of the kingdom. One of Miss Bateman's dresses is entirely of Irish crochet, and in this exquisite garment the popular singer will appear in Belfast and to other Irish audiences.

Scheme  
for a  
crepe de  
Chine  
Blouse of  
cham-  
pagne  
colour  
relieved  
by  
copper-  
brown  
velvet.



## SIMPLE DISHES.

### A CHOICE OF DISHES.

#### BREAKFAST.

Semolina and Fish Fritters.  
Mushrooms and Bacon. Dutch Toast.  
Potted Chicken. Eggs sur le plat.

#### LUNCH.

Normandy Soup. Baked Flounders.  
Scallops of Meat. Steak and Kidney Pie.  
Stuffed Tomatoes. Bakewell Pudding.  
Chocolate Mould. Cream Cheese.  
Pulled Bread.

#### COLD DISHES.

Roast Veal. Savoury Eggs. Pressed Beef.  
TEA.

Greenock Scones. Cucumber Sandwiches.  
\*Bale Leckerlis. Viennese Triangles.  
Shrewsbury Cakes.

#### DINNER.

Consonné aux Nouilles.  
Brown Celeri Soups.

#### FISH.

Fillets of Sole Baltimore.  
Stuffed Mackerel. Wine Sauce.

#### ENTREE.

\*Grenadines of Veal. Curried Chicken.  
Roasts.

Saddle of Mutton. Loin of Pork Stuffed.  
Game.

Roast Woodcock. Pheasant Soufflé.

Vegetables.  
New Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel.  
Celeri Ramasquins.

#### SWEET.

Pistachio Soufflé. Peach Fritters.

#### SAVOURIES.

Cheese Creams. Stuffed Olives.

#### ICE.

Orange Water.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

#### NO. 222.—BALE LECKERLIS (SWISS).

INGREDIENTS:—Six ounces of honey, two ounces of shelled almonds, one ounce of orange and lemon peel, one ounce of cinnamon, a saltspoonful of powdered cloves, quarter of a pound of Demerara sugar, half a pound of flour, two teaspoonsful of Kirschwasser.

Put the honey into a clean, bright pan. Let it come nearly to the boil and skin it, add the almonds, peel, cinnamon, cloves, and sugar. Let this stand over night. Then thoroughly stir in the flour, and lastly the Kirschwasser. Well flour some flat tins, like Yorkshire pudding tins. Roll out the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces about three inches square. Lay them on the tins, and bake in a moderate oven till firm and lightly browned. Mix two ounces of sieved icing sugar smoothly with a little cold water. It should be thin enough to be lightly brushed over the top of each square. When this is done, let them get cold and keep in dry tins.

Cost 1s. 4d. for ten portions.

#### NO. 223.—GRENADINES OF VEAL.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of fillet of veal, larding bacon, one carrot, one turnip, one onion, a piece of celery, a small bunch of parsley and herbs, salt and pepper, half a pint of stock.

Cut the veal into well-shaped cutlets and lard them neatly. To do this, cut the bacon into small strips, put one in the larding needle and draw it in large stitches through the cutlets. Do three or four rows in each cutlet. Then braise them for about half an hour in a pan with the vegetables and stock, basting them often. When they are sufficiently cooked, put them on a tin in the oven to get nicely browned. Strain the stock and boil it fast till it is reduced to one gill. Make a bed of mashed potatoes on a hot dish, arrange the cutlets neatly on it, and pour the reduced stock round.

Cost 2s. 6d. for six portions.

**DAILY TIME-SAVER**

**THE DISH OF THE DAY.**

No. 64.—**BOMBE A LA MASCOTTE.**

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Rub the fruit of eighteen stewed peaches through a sieve, add half a pound castor sugar and half a gill of Kirschwasser into it. Beat one pint of cream to a froth, and mix with the above. Put the mixture in a freezing mould, cover it tightly, and bury it in a pail of broken ice and salt for two hours. Unmould and garnish with small macaroons, and serve.

**FRUIT IN SEASON.**

Cape Fruit.	Apples.	Pears.	Grapes.
Oranges.	Bananas.		
Nuts.	Forced Rhubarb.		

**FLOWERS IN SEASON.**

Blossoms for the Table.  
White Lilac. Yellow and White Narcissus.  
Carnations. Smilax.  
Myrtle.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.  
Daffodils. Mimosa.  
Pointsettias. Marguerites.  
Palms. Aralias.  
Pink and White Heaths.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

Our Feuilleton.

# Chance,

## the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Continued.

"My dear Mrs. Lorison, what are you talking about? Pray explain. What has happened?" asked Colonel Joscelyn.

"I told Aimée Petronoff," said Helen Lorison, "that it was I who was in your rooms at the Albany on the night Lewis Detmold killed himself."

"You? You said that?" The Colonel's self-possession as nearly left him then as it had ever done before in the whole course of his life.

"Yes," she said, and bowed her head.

"Good Lord!" gasped the Colonel, and commenced to walk up and down the room. He was trying to think how this extraordinary turn of events would affect the matter.

"And I think," said Helen, "that she believed me. You see she—well, she—she knows you."

"I see," he said, drily.

"You will stick by me; you will, if need be, bear me out?"

"Why?" He turned and faced her.

"For her sake."

"You think it will help her?"

"I thought so, I—oh, it seemed the easiest way to stop her venomous talk. Whatever happens, no harm must come to Martia Chesney."

"Why are you so anxious about the welfare of Mrs. Chesney?"

"Never mind that."

"But I do mind. To me it seems incomprehensible."

She winced. "She is a good woman," was all she said. "And it is better that I suffer instead of her. It can make no difference to you." There was just a touch of scorn in her agitated voice.

"So you, too, believe the story?" he retorted, scornfully.

"Oh, no, no!"

"Then why do you fear for her?"

"Because of you," she said.

"Because of me?"

"Oh, don't be angry. I did it for the best. You must stand by me. What difference does it make to you? But to her? No, no, no! Aimée Petronoff understood."

"But did she?"

"I think so—I am sure of it."

"Humph! And the others? Are they all to have this new version dished up for their detection?"

"The Princess will say no more."

"But the others?"

"They do not count. You know that. No one can believe it of her. Oh, Colonel Joscelyn, have some pity on me! Don't be so hard. It has cost me a lot to talk like this to you."

The Colonel still strode restlessly up and down the room.

"I was thinking," he said, "that as there was no woman in my rooms on the night that Lewis Detmold committed suicide, your statement may prove awkward if it ever goes further than the Princess Petronoff."

"But it won't. I am sure of that. We understood each other."

"You and she?"

"Yes. You are cruel."

"I beg your pardon. Forgive me; but—well, I am trying to look into the future, to appreciate possibilities."

"And to defend Martia Chesney—that above all things?"

"Naturally."

"And in that I am with you. See—I have proved it. It is not a nice thing to admit to confess—that I was in your rooms. But I don't care a pin about that so long as it will stop Aimée Petronoff's tongue."

The Colonel regarded her with a curious, half-pitying, half-admiring scrutiny. "Pon my soul," he said, "I don't understand you. You are keeping something back. I am all in the dark. Don't think that I am—well, ungrateful for the sacrifice you have made."

"Please don't talk like that," she interrupted, quickly. "All I want you to do is to promise me that you will bear me out. Think anything you like, do anything you like. Only let me bear the—the reproach, if there is to be any reproach. I can afford it. What does it matter? I only go back a year or two—in one woman's opinion. I can soon recover myself."

"But you forget," he said again, "that there was no one in my chambers that night. I told the coroner's jury so."

She gave him a swift look of inquiry. There was nothing in his face to tell her that he was not speaking the truth.

"Yes?" she asked. "Go on."

"I only want to say that, if they discover, by your statement, which you have made it impossible for me to deny, that there was someone there, well—? Surely you can see my position?"

"Yes."

"I mean about Detmold."

"Yes."

"Well, how will it strike an impartial wit-

ness? I am a perjuror. You—the man's fiancée—were in my rooms. It will be very awkward—more than awkward."

"I have thought of that."

"And you are prepared to go through with it?"

"If you are."

"Hang it all, my dear lady, I am not anxious to be charged with perjury, or perchance worse—murder. Can't you see the possibilities?"

"But for her sake?"

The Colonel started. The woman was an enigma to him. What did she know? What did she wish to imply?

"It seems to me," she continued, "that the hypothetical position you have just sketched was far more probable before now, and the woman would have been Martia Chesney."

"And now?"

"Now Aimée Petronoff will be silent, and the chance is too remote to contemplate."

"But assuming that the worst happens?"

"The worst is less likely to happen now than before. And, if it does—if, I say—then all I ask of you is to let me be the woman, instead of Martia Chesney."

Paul Joscelyn's brain was confused. The suddenness of this new development had, for the moment, destroyed his grasp on things. He was trying to get a right perspective. What happened after that does not matter much, and the Colonel hardly remembered it, or anything else, till he found himself back at his own hotel. Everything had dwindled into comparative insignificance in his mind before this extraordinary new position, and only one question hammered persistently on his brain for answering. What had possessed Helen Lorison to defend Martia Chesney? It was a question that had not to wait a very long time to find an answer.

He went up to his rooms, feeling like a man who had come through a period of sustained muscular and mental effort. He was very tired. He opened the door of his suite with his key. The lights were full on, and a man stood in the middle of the room. For a moment he did not recognise the man, so utterly changed and different was he, and so far away from the man were Paul Joscelyn's thoughts; and it was after several seconds, during which he stared hard at the man, that he gasped out the man's name.

"Chesney!"

It was Philip Chesney who stood before him, looking ten years older, and bent and worn, and very white.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

The change Paul Joscelyn saw in Philip Chesney was not confined to his personal appearance. It was complete and, in contrast to the man he had left a couple of hours ago, away on the Italian frontier, the man was another being. His voice, too, had altered. It was a dull, tired, worn-out voice, and it dragged.

"Colonel Joscelyn," he said at once, "there need be very few words between us, and the sooner they are said the better. I am not forgetting that you showed me some consideration just now—"

"We can forget all that," interrupted the Colonel. "You were not yourself."

"I was mad; I deserved anything. I was a coward. However, I have got over that nightmare. When you left me, I was within an ace of blowing out my brains. I don't know why I did not. I wish to God I had!"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I will not keep you long." He spoke wearily. He was like the ashes of a man whose life had been burnt out of him; there was no resentment in his voice, no anger, no contempt, no feeling at all. It was merely a tired monotone. "I think it must have been the sudden revulsion of feeling, or the sudden realisation of the stupendous ass I had made of myself, that made me put that revolver of yours in my pocket and go back to Mentone—to Mrs. Chesney. Perhaps, too, I remembered your word—you word as a man of honour!"

"Well?" The Colonel's voice faltered. He had begun to perceive that something was wrong—very wrong. A sinking sense of fear came to him. A horrid thought—was it possible that Martia were dead? He crushed the life out of the wild imagining and listened attentively to the younger man.

"After all, I told myself, the word of Paul Joscelyn could not be false. Because I had insulted you by refusing to believe you, you were justified in shooting me as a dog."

"Let us put all that away for ever," said the Colonel, quickly. "I have already told you that I have forgotten. I don't want any apology. You were not, as you say, yourself."

"Apology?" A sickly smile came into the haggard, old-young face. "I'm afraid you don't understand."

"What do you mean?" Joscelyn bent forward. He was conscious of things slipping away from him—impending chaos. Something unimaginable had happened.

"What I want to say is this, Colonel Joscelyn: you lied to me then."

The Colonel winced; then said, hoarsely:

"Go on!"

"What your object was I have tried to understand, tried to justify. I cannot. I—well, I am all at sea just now. I only know that I have been a most stupendous fool."

"What has happened?" asked the Colonel in a fierce whisper. "What are you driving at?"

"Martia has told me everything," said Philip.

The Colonel's bronzed cheeks blanched. He plunged his hands into his pockets. All the

rigidity of his iron, close-knit, lean form seemed suddenly to leave it. His shoulders dropped. He lost three inches in height in an instant, became a huddled up old man. He did not say a word. Philip continued:

"She told me everything—told me that she had asked you to save my credit, that you had challenged her to go to your rooms, that she went, that you were not there, that the other man was there, and—oh, God in Heaven, why?—why? did you do it? She told me how it all happened and—and everything."

"I see," said Paul Joscelyn in the voice of a child. "So she told you. And what did you do?"

"I did nothing. I only came here at once to tell you."

"You understand then?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"No, I do not understand," said Philip dully. "I only know that I wish I had killed myself in that cave just now. It would have been better."

"Why did you come here, then?"

"Why?" Some faint gleam of life shot into his dull, expressionless eyes. He raised his voice. It was hard, pitiless. He put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out the Colonel's revolver, and flung it down on the table between them. "I came to return that thing to you," he said. "I think you may want it to-night. Do you understand? You were good enough to give me a chance just now. I do not wish to be backward in courtesy. You told me then, sir, that there were two courses open to me, and left that thing with me to think them over. It is your turn now. You said there were two courses open to me. For you, I can only see one course. That is what I came to say. I will leave you now to think over that one course."

Joscelyn was staring blankly at the floor. The click of a shutting door made him look up. Philip Chesney was not there. He had gone without another word.

The revolver lay on the table within reach of his hand. The words were running monotonously in his brain. "One course—

one course!"

He wiped away the sweat which had gathered on his forehead, and frowned.

"What the devil possessed her to do it?" he asked himself aloud. "And what the devil is to be done?"

And the words drummed an answer in his brain. "There is only one course!"

He sank into a chair, and pressed his hands to his aching eyes. He sat like this for a long time—neither he nor anyone else ever knew how long. But when he looked up again, he saw the revolver on the table within reach of his hand.

"No," he said fiercely, and sprang to his feet. "No! There are many courses—many! She needs me more now than ever. And, while she lives, I shall live. By God, I am not a coward!"

And he took up the revolver steadily and put it in a drawer of the table.

## CHAPTER L.

When Philip Chesney reached the Hotel de Paris at Mentone, a few minutes after midnight, he had made up his mind on many things. He was strangely, almost unnaturally, cool. Of Martia he had thought little. They had parted for ever. She had understood. Lawyers could arrange the rest. He was quite prepared to allow her a sufficient income. It could be done quietly, decently, and in order, as these things can be done. No, he need not trouble himself about that; but what he must trouble about and decide was the danger of scandal, of this abominable thing becoming public or to the knowledge of the police. On consideration, however, he decided that there was no great danger. Only three people in the world could give the secret away besides himself—Martia and Joscelyn, and Ralph Beverley. In the morning there would be only two. Beverley could be depended upon. Martia would never speak. He, for his own sake, and the good name of his family, must see that these gossips were silenced. He would be very diplomatic. He would start at once a course of slow poisoning—he would stamp out the scandal. True, there was the Indian servant; but he would not count. Martia had assured him on that point.

Of course, the difficulty might possibly be overcome to-morrow, when the world knew that Paul Joscelyn had committed suicide, even as Lewis Detmold. That would certainly look funny. Well, they could think and say whatever they liked. All he had to do was to see that this statement of Ralph Beverley's concerning his wife was crushed out of existence and forgotten. There had, of course, been no one in those rooms at the Albany on that night. No one. Yes, he would never forget that. He would play the Colonel's game.

The world need know nothing about his separation from his wife for some time to come. They and the lawyers could easily work that. Martia understood.

So he disposed of the future, forgetting that he was not a god, and thinking, poor, pitiable fool, that where a man like Paul Joscelyn had failed he was going to succeed.

He received his first shock from the night porter of the hotel, who told him that Mrs. Chesney had been suddenly called away to see a sick friend, and gave him a letter from her.

He read the letter in his room a minute or two later, and was forcibly reminded of the fact that all his resolves and plans were useless.

The letter, written in pencil, was short and ran as follows—

I have decided to go at once. You need never look for me or trouble about me. Make any excuse you like. I have told the concierge that I am going to stay the night with a sick friend. I have taken a few personal belongings, and have sufficient money to prevent your being disturbed about me. I have my own place. You need have no fear for the name of Chesney. All I ask of you is to forget that I ever was.

That the reader should understand Philip Chesney's mood that night it may be that he thought far more about how he was going to explain his wife's disappearance than that he had gone out of his life for ever.

In the morning Paul Joscelyn would have disappeared. And the world would still be surprised. He spent a sleepless night, and in the morning felt a sudden demoralising impulsion grow unmanageable. He had begun to feel frightened. The only grain of comfort left to him was the thought, which he put into words, that "No one" was in the Colonel's rooms on the night of Detmold's death. *No one!*

Then it was that he received his second shock. It also came in a letter, which was marked "private." The envelope and the postmark of Monte Carlo. The letter read thus—

*Dear Captain Chesney.—As I am sure you must be annoyed at the foolish comment, which is being made by certain people here, that Mrs. Chesney was responsible for the late Mr. Detmold's death, and as it has been suggested to me that I am endeavouring to cause trouble to Mrs. Chesney through this, I conceive it my duty to tell you that it is utterly untrue. My reason for saying this is that I am myself considerated advisable by Colonel Joscelyn and myself that this should not be made public at the time. I leave you to draw your own conclusions. I will respect it. But, at the same time, I am quite determined that no innocent woman shall suffer for my indiscretion. And I assure you will forgive my letting you know this.*

*I do not think, for a moment, that you will be any further trouble, as I have told the Princess Petronoff, the prime mover in this disgraceful attempt to blacken the name of a good woman, what I have told you.*

*Please destroy this letter as soon as read, and believe me, yours sincerely,*

HELEN LORISON.

To attempt any analysis of the state of Philip Chesney's mind after the receipt of this extraordinary letter would be to attempt the impossible.

For the moment it stunned him, and everything became chaos, and a pandemonium in his soul and fear and suspicion shrieked in his head.

He had imagined that, at all events, he would solve the mystery, and touched the bottom of the well of truth; that, whatever had happened in the future, he knew the worst. And now he was brought suddenly from that face with a greater mystery than ever, and the old nightmare of doubt had returned.

What in Heaven's name did it all mean? Was he never to know the truth? Was he bound and foal together to make sport of him?

To be continued.

THE ANGEL OF THE ODD.

"Good luck and bad luck, these are the weapons of the Angel of the Odd."

This Great New Feuilleton, by the Authors of

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